

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

# MODERN

## COMICS

MARCH  
No. 59

GALLANT  
**BLACKHAWK**  
TO THE  
RESCUE!

NICK'S FUN SHOP  
NOVELTIES JOKES MAGIC  
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ELIZABETH, N. J.

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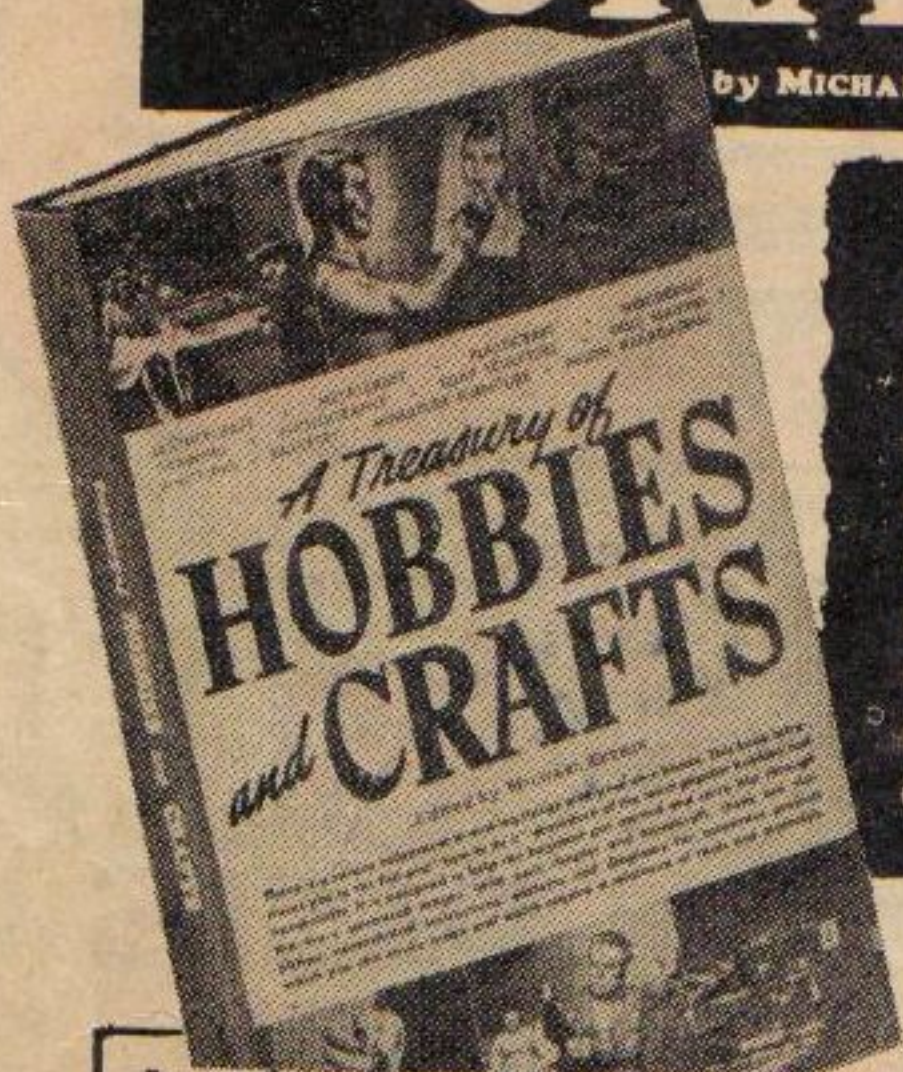
# A Treasury of HOBBIES and CRAFTS

by MICHAEL ESTRIN

**Greatest Gold-Mine of  
HANDICRAFT PROCEDURE  
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**14 Complete Sections  
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**Require a minimum of Tools, usually  
available in every home**

There is a unique and thrilling enjoyment in creating something with your own hands. It is a three-fold pleasure: in the planning; in the doing; and in the use of the object created. There never has been a handicraft book like this one. It is a treasure-chest of fascinating facts and working procedure, on hobbies and crafts—and it is packed with useful and artistic articles, decorative objects and home improvements ANYONE can easily make, and EVERYONE will enjoy!

It may be just a rag doll that you have made for a little girl, or a little silver bracelet that you have cut, hammered and decorated for your wife or girl friend—but if you have made it yourself, it will give you more pleasure and pride than anything like it that you can buy.

Just imagine what fun and satisfaction you'll get out of making a leather wallet for yourself; a pewter candy dish for the house; or of whittling some quaint animals for decoration. Imagine your thrill and the savings in money also, in being able to build a complete breakfast-table-and-hench set, for under \$10 instead of the \$40 it would cost to buy.

A TREASURY OF HOBBIES AND CRAFTS, the title of this brand new book, means just what it says. It is a "treasury" of the most popular handicrafts. Even if you have never handled tools in your life, you'll be able to do expert craft work. It is designed to help the beginner get started and carry him through to the more advanced stages. This handbook of craft instruction guides you through the ABC's of every step and process—and the more than 400 illustrations enable you to SEE at a glance WHAT to do and HOW to do it.

## Just Look at This Partial List of All the Things You Can Make and Do

- WHITTILING**  
The best woods to use—cutting technique—finishing and painting. Whittling: Pooch; Sun-Fish; Whatzit; Cat; Elephant; Nag; Sleeping Mexican.
- LET'S MAKE MAGIC**  
How to perform "magic" stunts. Illustrations and instructions for performing: Mental Miracle; Whiskaway; The Flying Coin; Color Divination; Impossible Release; Color Changing Balloon; etc.
- GARDENING**  
How to get started; simple vegetable garden; growing beautiful flowers; building a rock garden; grow your own fruit. Indoor gardening. Soil-less gardening.
- MODEL RAILROADING**  
How to develop a home-built, home-housed miniature railroad. Locating your line—different layouts—building your railroad—tracks—train set—accessories—scenery.
- BASKETRY**  
Materials used—description of weaves—making borders—directions for making different shaped baskets—Coloring and Finishing—Dyeing.
- WOOD-WORKING**  
Tools and how to use them—Painting and Decorating; How to make: Wall Book-case; Clothes Stand; Dog House; Sewing Stand; Tree Seat; Game Table; See-Saw; Sand Box; Breakfast Table and Benches; etc.
- DRAWING IS FUN**  
It is easy to teach yourself to draw. How to begin—working materials—techniques—perspec-
- COMPOSITION**  
How to draw: still life, landscapes, animals, people, etc.
- MINIATURE FURNITURE**  
General directions on procedure. Patterns and instructions for making complete Dining Room Set, and Bedroom Set.
- MAKING DOLLS**  
Tools and materials—patterns—sewing—stuffing—and finishing. Making a Little Girl Doll, Boy Doll, A Kitten, A Puppy.
- SOAP SCULPTURE**  
Working Hints—Tools—Patterns and directions for carving: People, Animals, Birds, Fish, Buildings, finishing.
- PHOTOGRAPHY**  
Shooting the picture only half the adventure; rest comes with own processing and printing, cropping and enlarging.
- PLASTIC CRAFT**  
Which plastic most suitable for home craftsmen—qualities of plastics—working procedure. How to make: Desk Blotter; Napkin Holders; Cigarette Cart; Cross Pendant; Knife Rack; Costume Rings; Pins; Pendants; Brooches; Bracelets; Earrings; etc.
- LEATHER CRAFT**  
What leathers to use—tools and types of leatherwork; Methods of working leather. Projects: Pillow cover, Desk Pad, Scrap Book, etc.
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Metals to use—tools—processes, finishing and polishing. How to make: Tie Clip; Letter Opener; Ash Tray; Candy Dish; Metal Bracelets; etc.

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# BLACKHAWK



High is the mountain -- low  
are its sinister denizens!

From above the clouds a weird menace  
looked down upon the dwellers in the  
valleys below --- and up to face the  
threat of evil, came the world's  
greatest group of fighters and  
their leader,

***Blackhawk!***



**A**TOP a high peak of the world's greatest mountain range, a new astronomical observatory is being completed....

WITHOUT YOU, BLACKHAWK, WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO CONTINUE OUR RESEARCH! YOU'VE MADE DIFFICULT LANDINGS UP ON THIS LEDGE TO BRING US THE EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES WE NEED!

A SERVICE TO SCIENCE, DOCTOR--WHICH IS A SERVICE TO THE WORLD!

IN MY SMALL HELICOPTER, IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN MONTHS! BUT COME --- ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU OUR NEW TELESCOPE! IT WILL SOLVE MANY SECRETS OF THE SKY!

A PLEASURE, DOCTOR! COME ALONG, ANDRE!

WITH THE AID OF THIS INSTRUMENT, WE CAN OBSERVE **MARS**!

VRAIMENT! AND WIZ ZE AID OF ZEES ONE, I CAN SEE **VENUS**!

BUT, MONSIEUR ANDRE! THAT SMALL TELESCOPE IS TRAINED ON ANOTHER MOUNTAIN PEAK OPPOSITE THIS!

EET EES **VENUS**, I SAY! LOOK, BLACKHAWK, FOR YOURSELF!

Taking Andre's place at the telescope, Blackhawk sees...

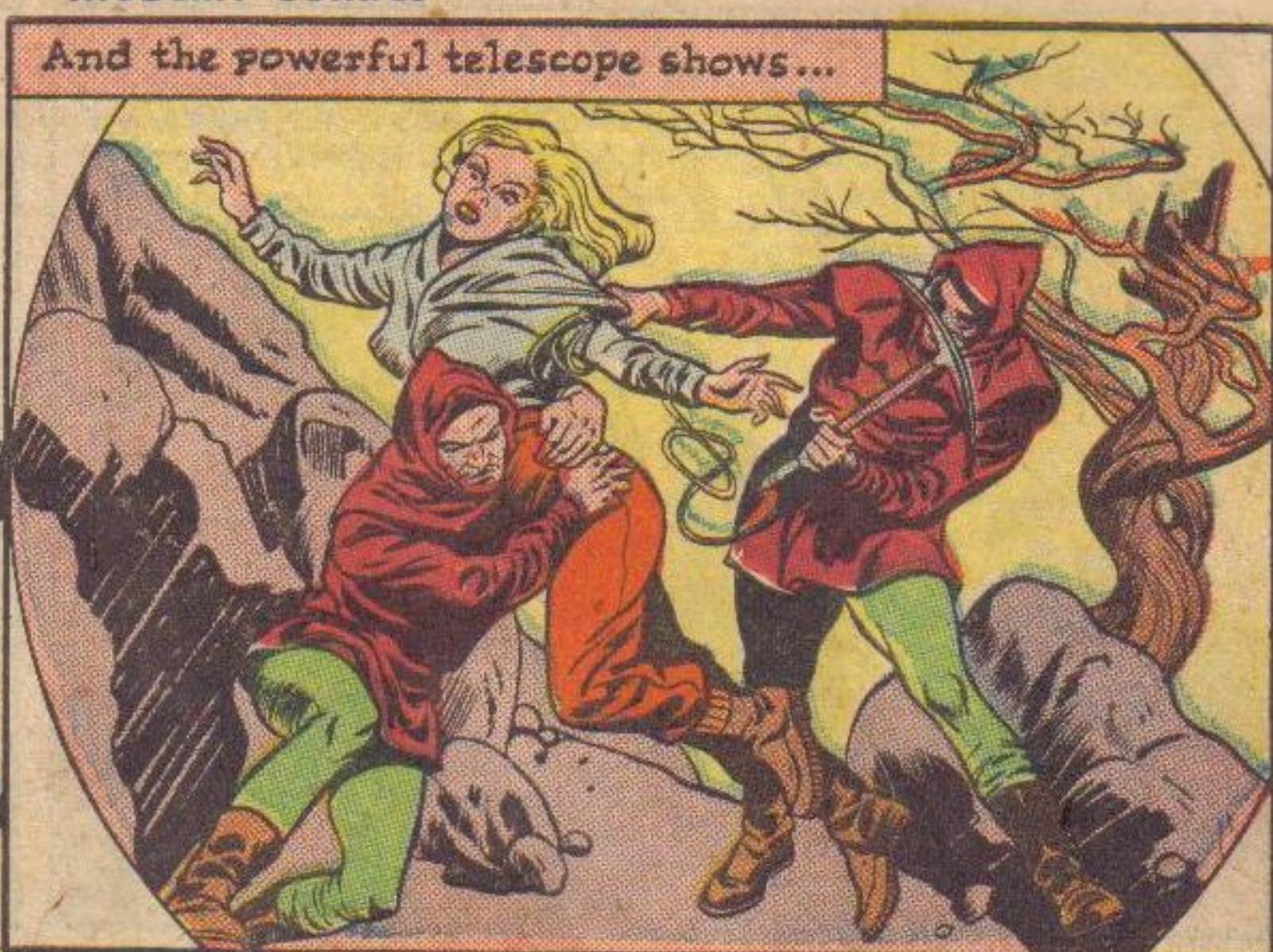
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR --- ANDRE ADMIRES A **SPECIAL** KIND OF NATURAL WONDER ---

REGARD! LOOK! QUEL HORREUR!

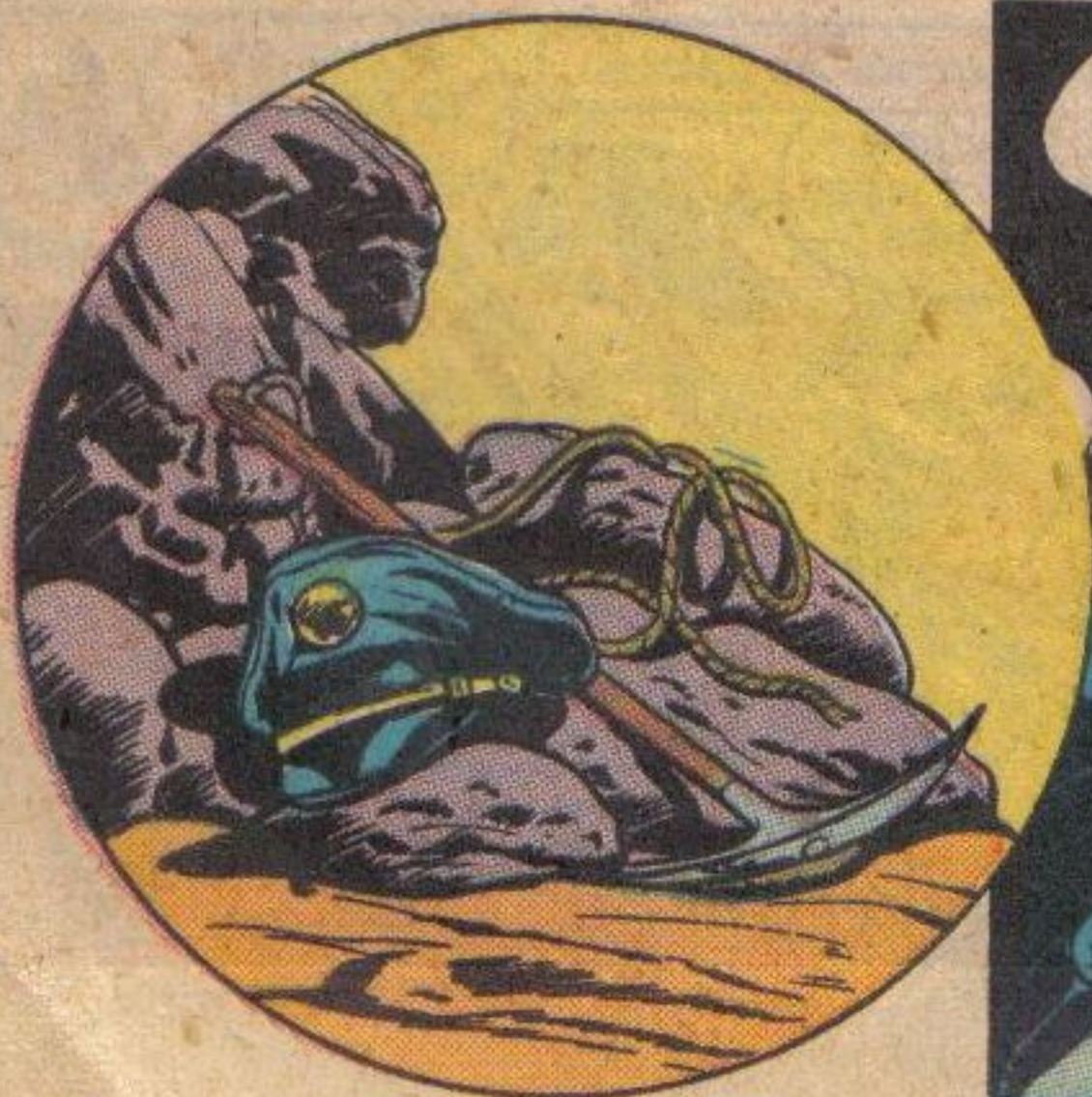
WHAT IS IT, ANDRE?

ZE, LOVELY MA'M'SELLE --- SHE EES **EEN DANGER**!

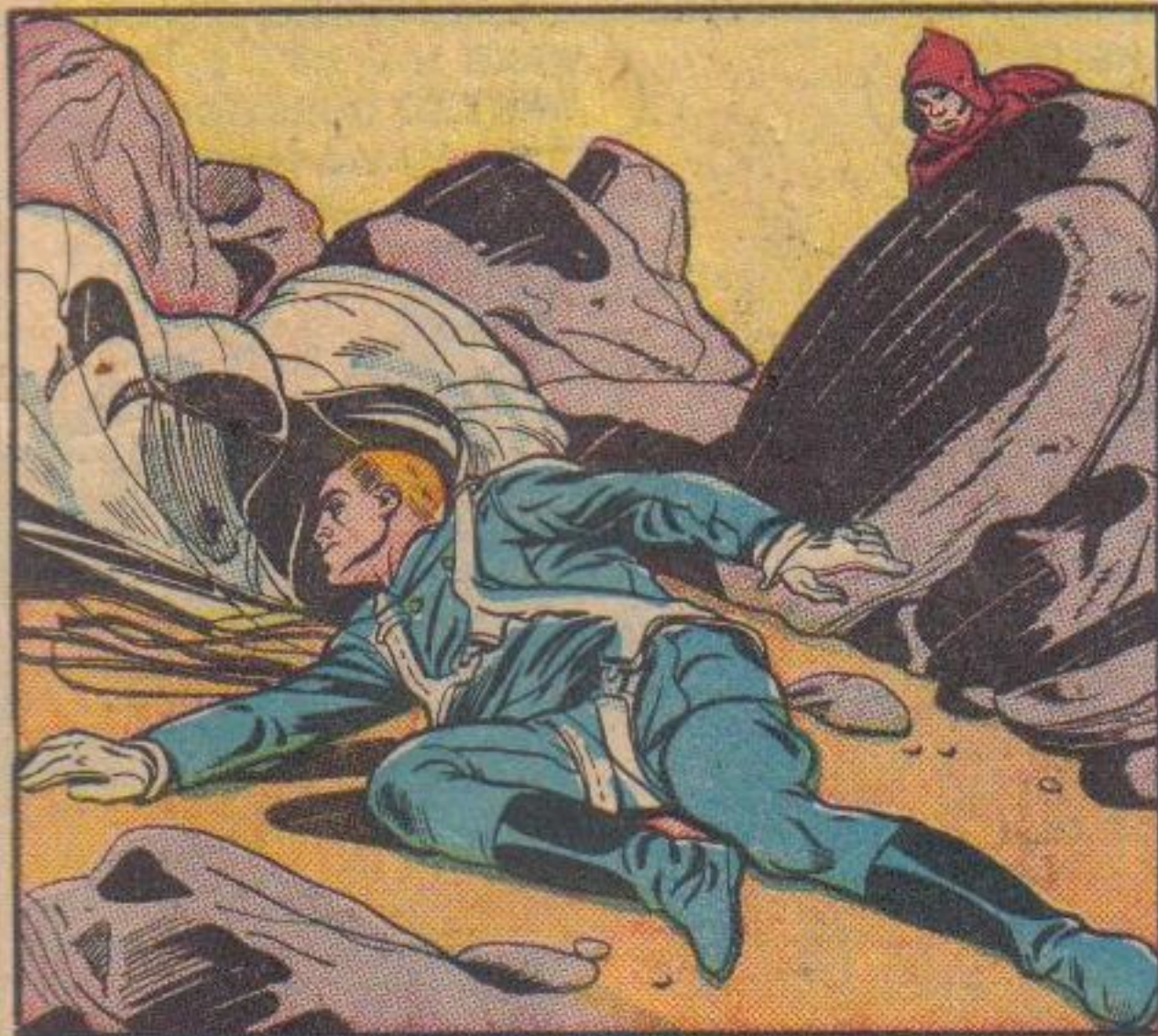








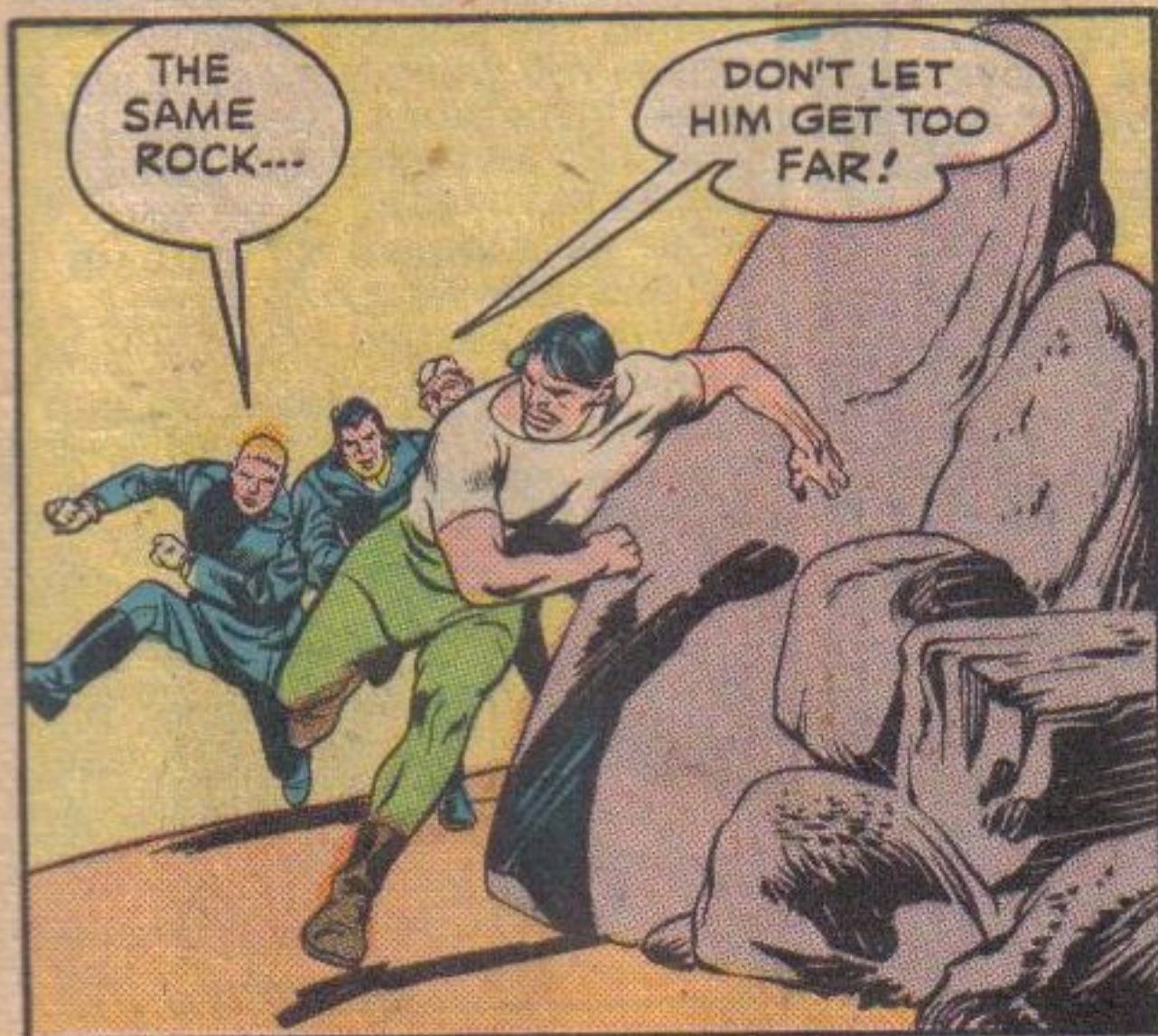




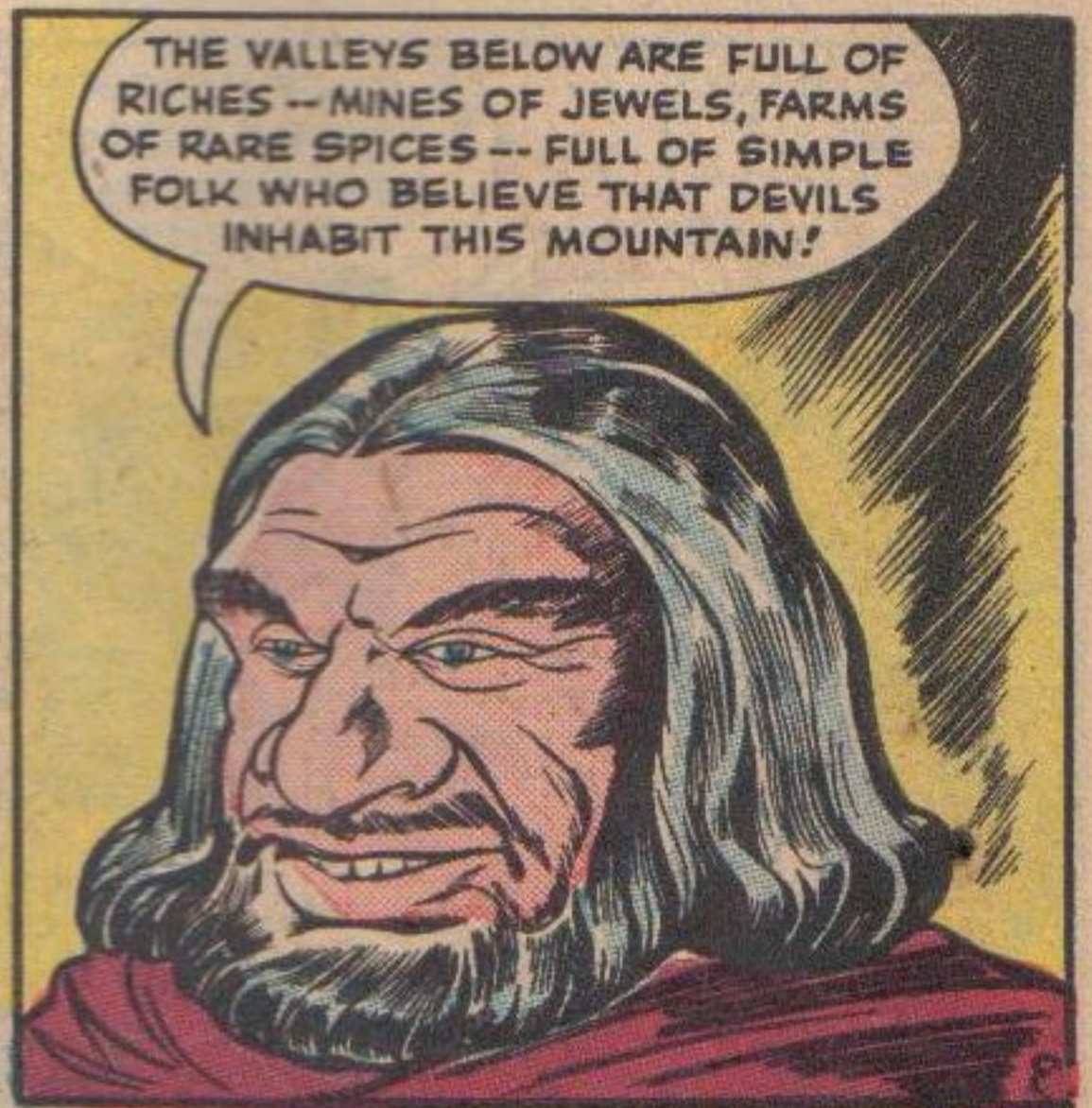
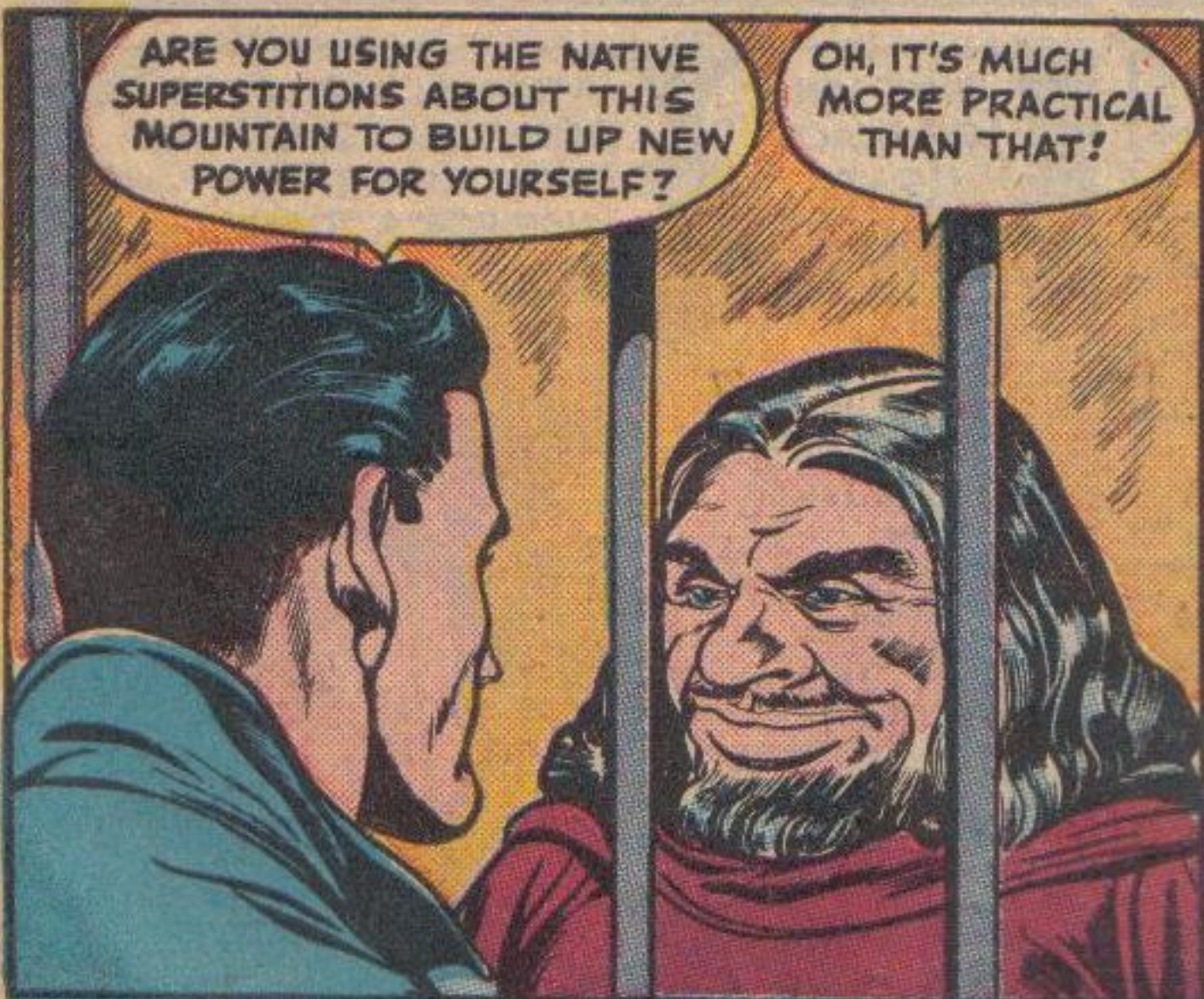














AND YOUR AGENTS BELOW, ACTING AS PRIESTS, INDUCE THE NATIVES TO SACRIFICE THEIR TREASURES TO YOU?

HOW QUICKLY YOU CATCH ON, BLACKHAWK! YES, THEY BRING RICHES TO THE TEMPLES AT THE MOUNTAIN'S FOOT---WE SMUGGLE THEM UP HERE THROUGH HIDDEN TUNNELS! SOMETIMES WE DESCEND AND KILL A FEW NATIVES, TO KEEP THEM BELIEVING IN THE DEVILS!



I'M PLANNING A **HUMAN SACRIFICE** CEREMONY TO IMPRESS MY NATIVE FRIENDS! YOU AND SOME OTHERS WILL STAR IN THE SHOW --- LATER! GOODBYE FOR THE PRESENT!



WE'VE BEEN IN TOUGH SPOTS LIKE THIS BEFORE --- WHERE SOMEONE THOUGHT HE HAD US, BUT DIDN'T!

LOOK! THERE'S A DOOR IN THE SIDE OF THE TUNNEL ---AND I HEAR SOMEONE TALKING!



MA'M'SELLE, ZIS EES ZE HAPPIEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE!

ANDRE'S VOICE!

ANDRE! THIS IS BLACK-HAWK!



WE'LL SHOVE HARD ON THE DOOR --- YOU PULL ON THAT SIDE! WE CAN BREAK THE LOCK AND GET TOGETHER!

ANYONE ELSE BUT BLACKHAWK I WOULD CALL ZE INTRUDER, BUT START ZE PUSH!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ANDRE?

AH, MAIS OUI! ZEY LOCK ME IN HERE WIZ ZE LOVELY MA'M'SELLE ---ZE MOST CHARMANT I HAVE EVER KNOWN!



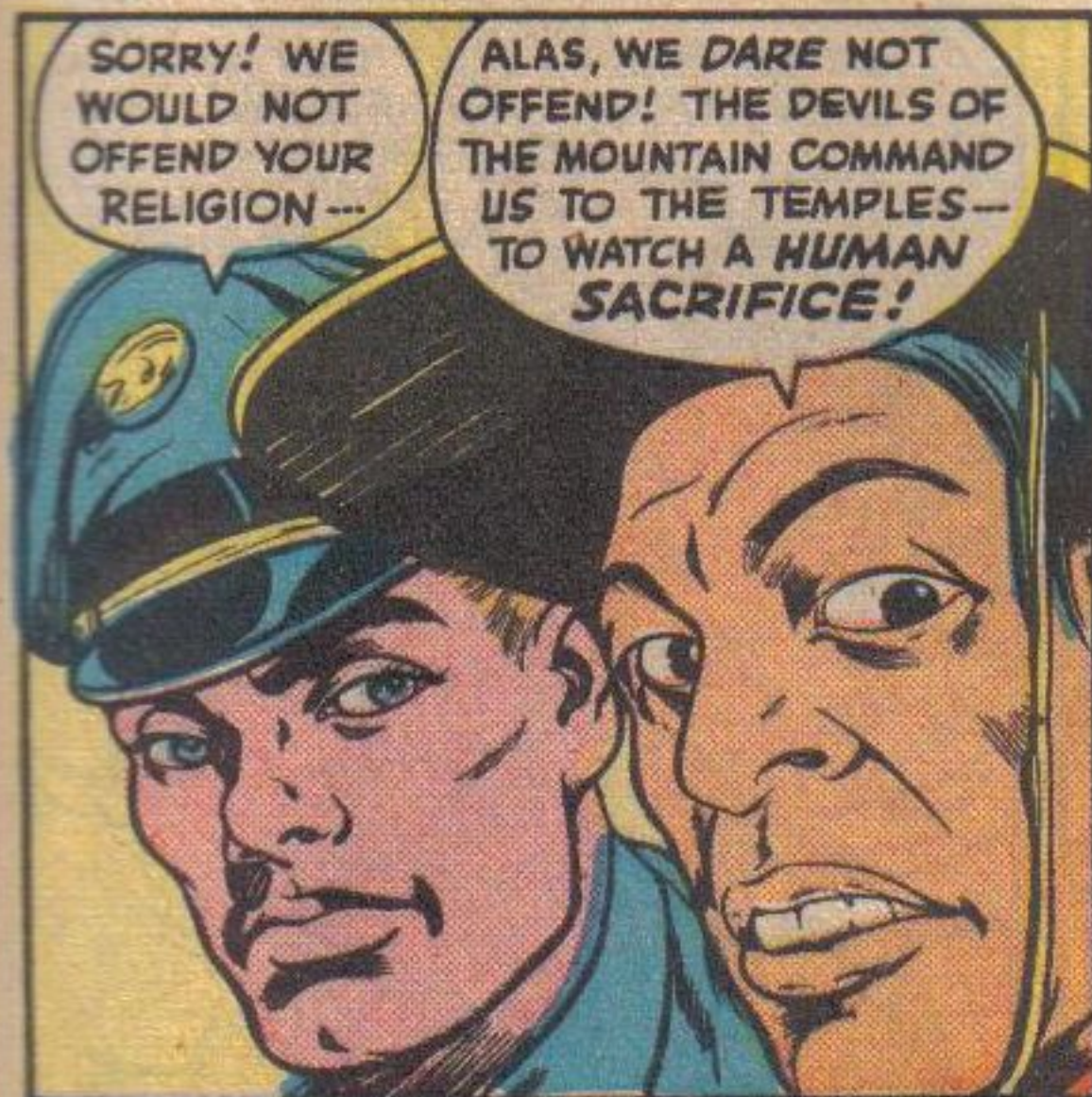
PERMIT ME, MA'M'SELLE MERRITT --- MY BEST FRIENDS -- BLACKHAWK, OLAF, AND STANISLAUS!



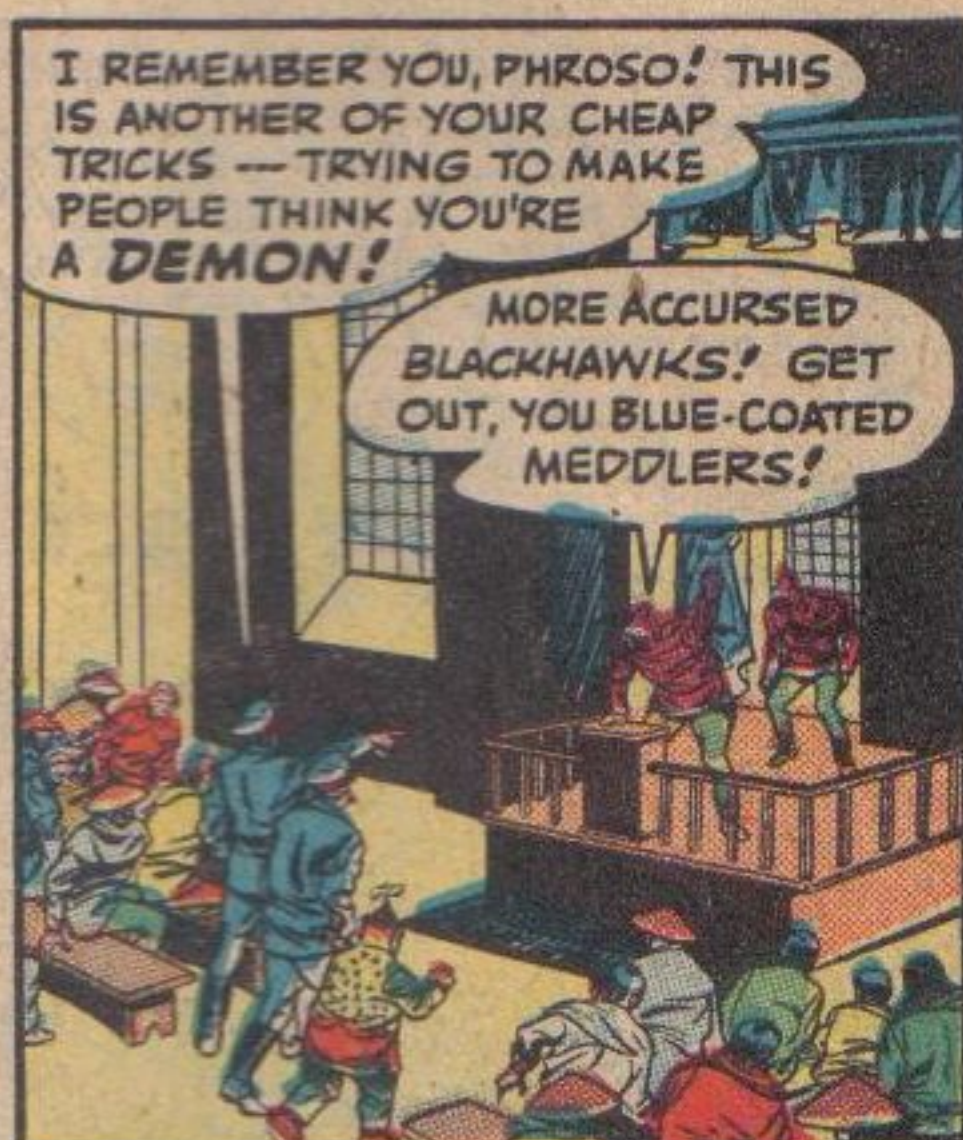












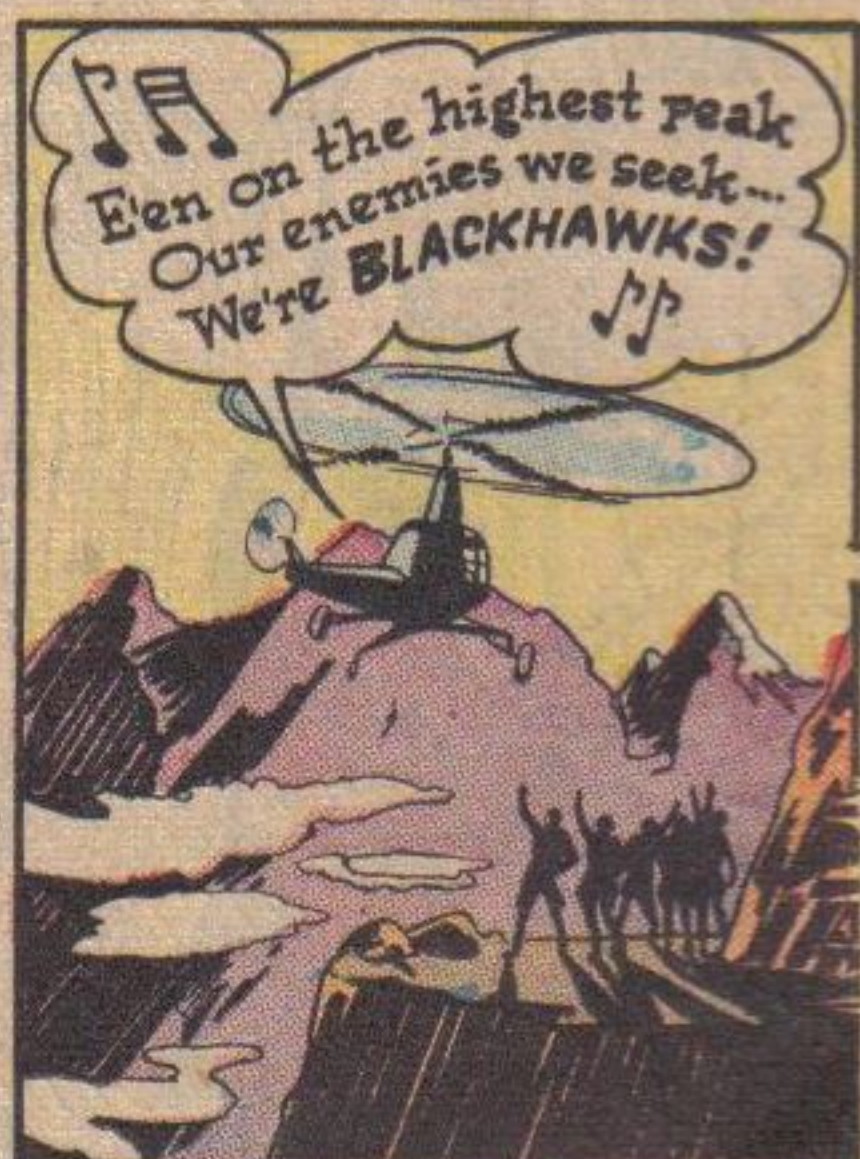
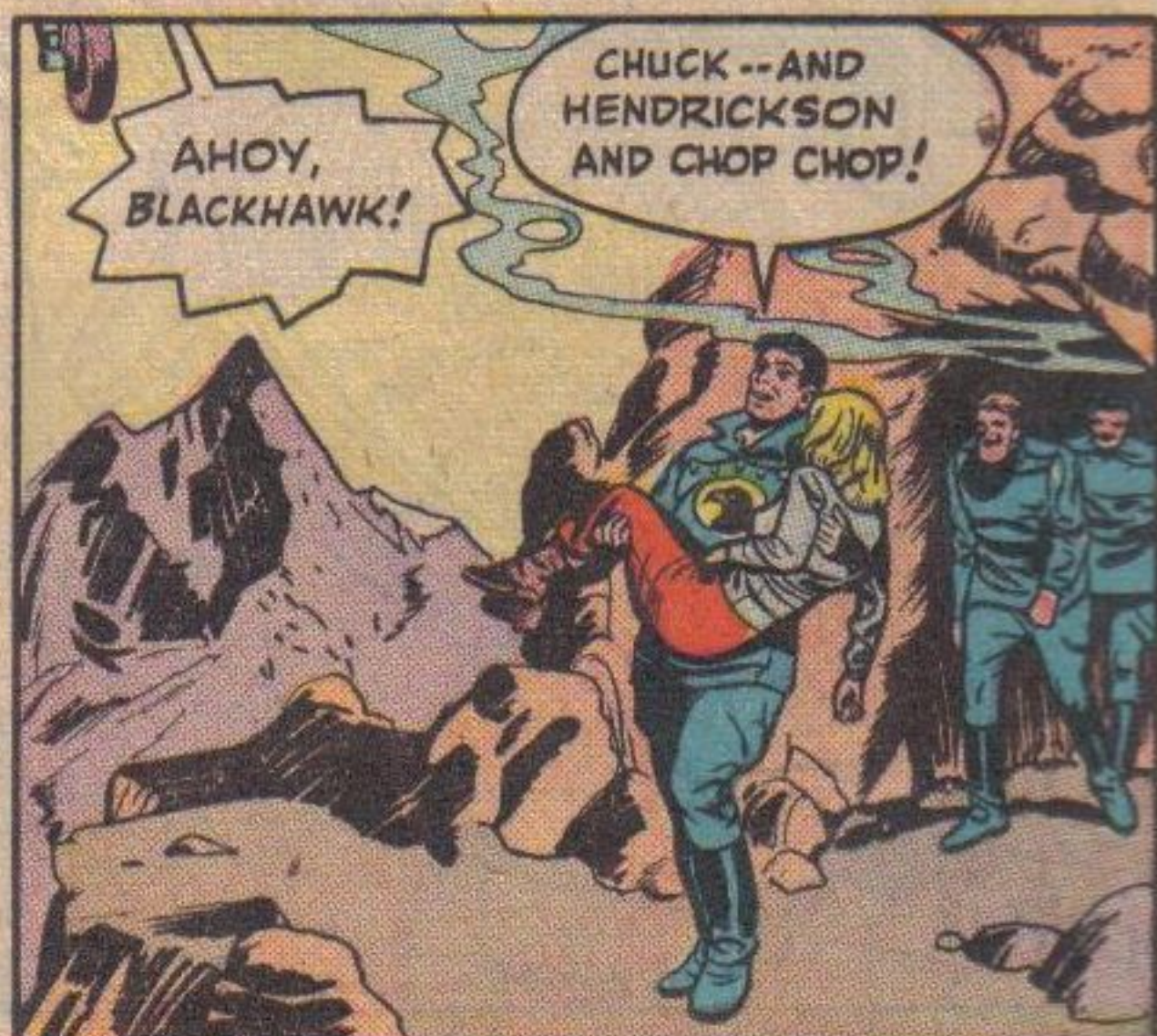






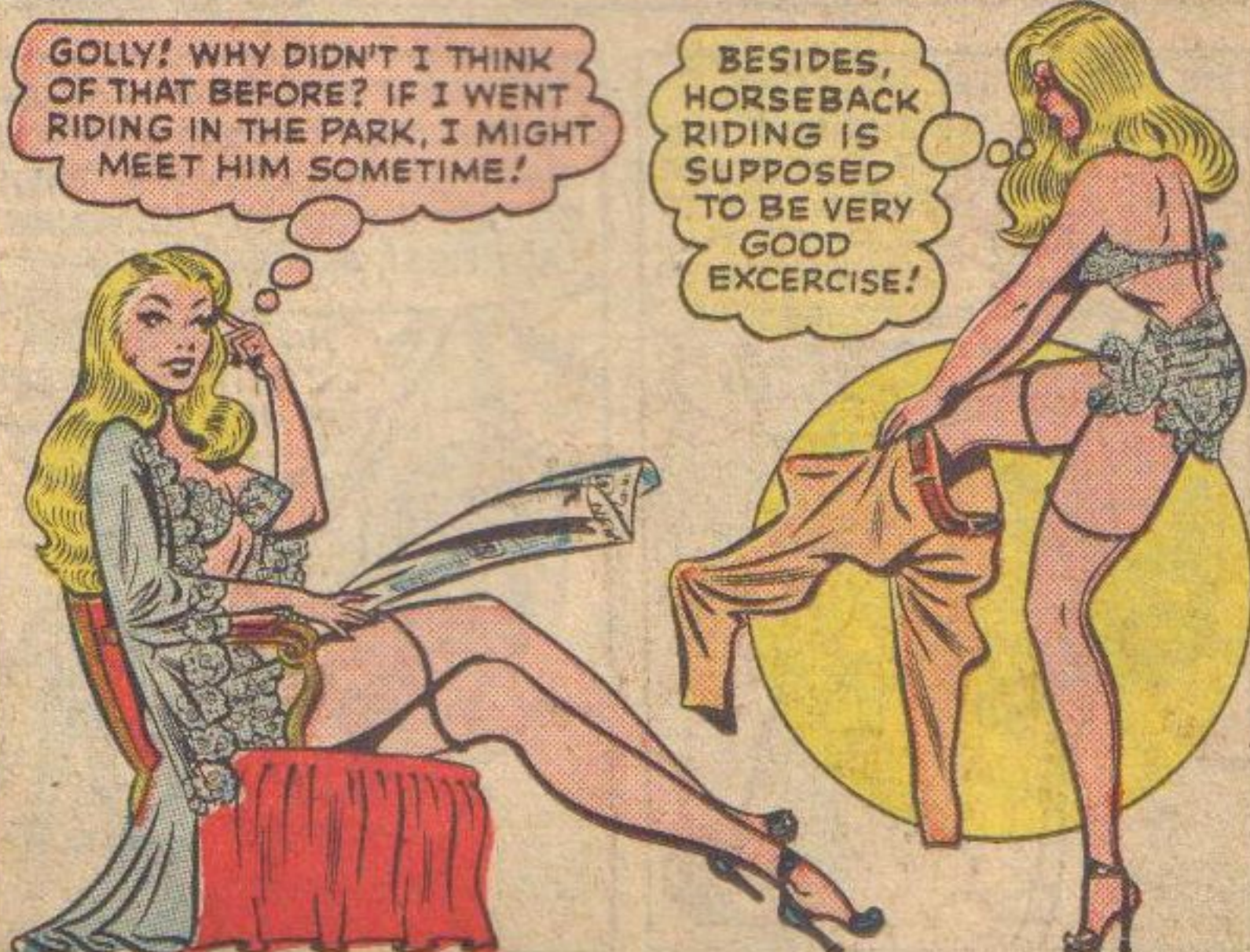
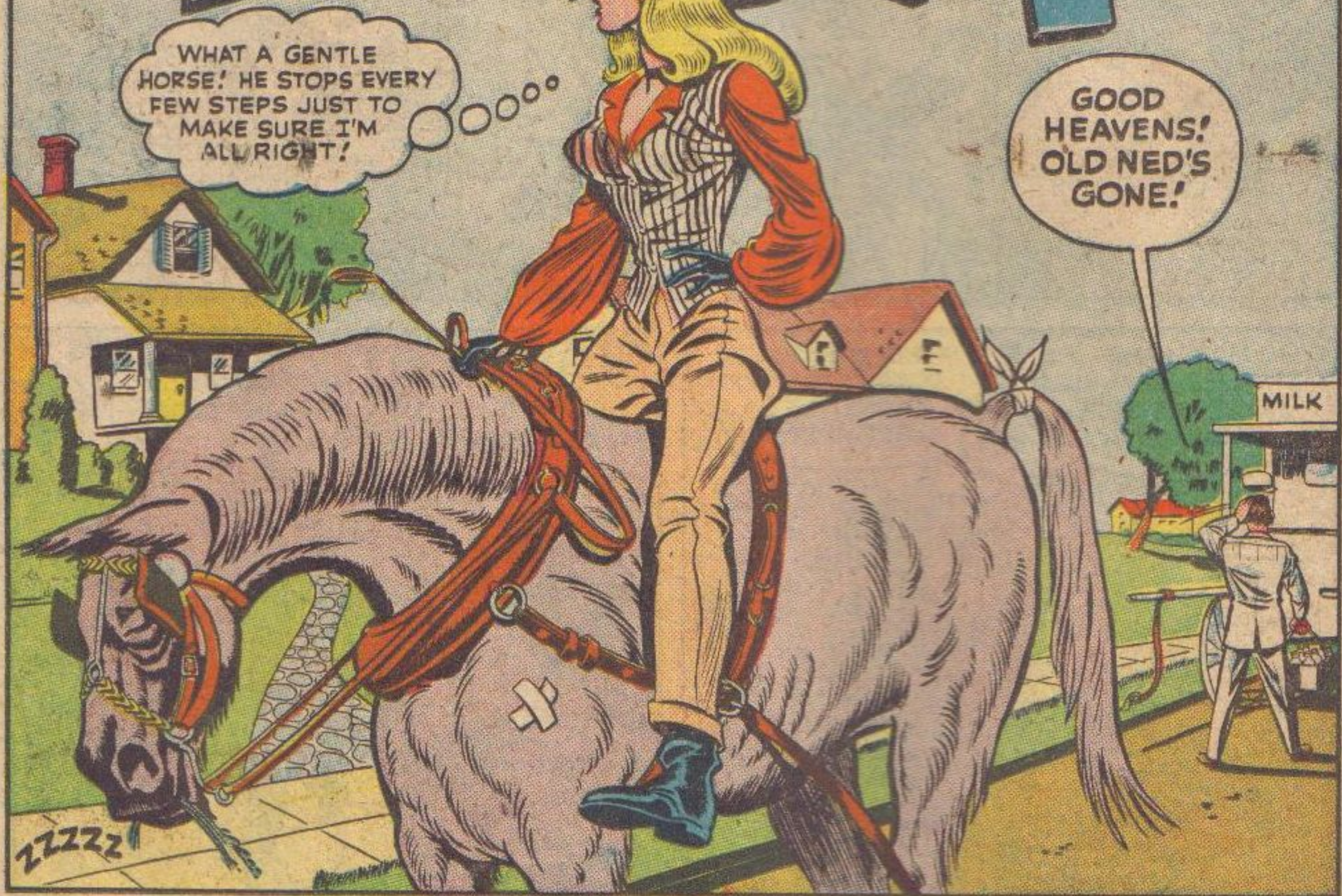








# TORCHY



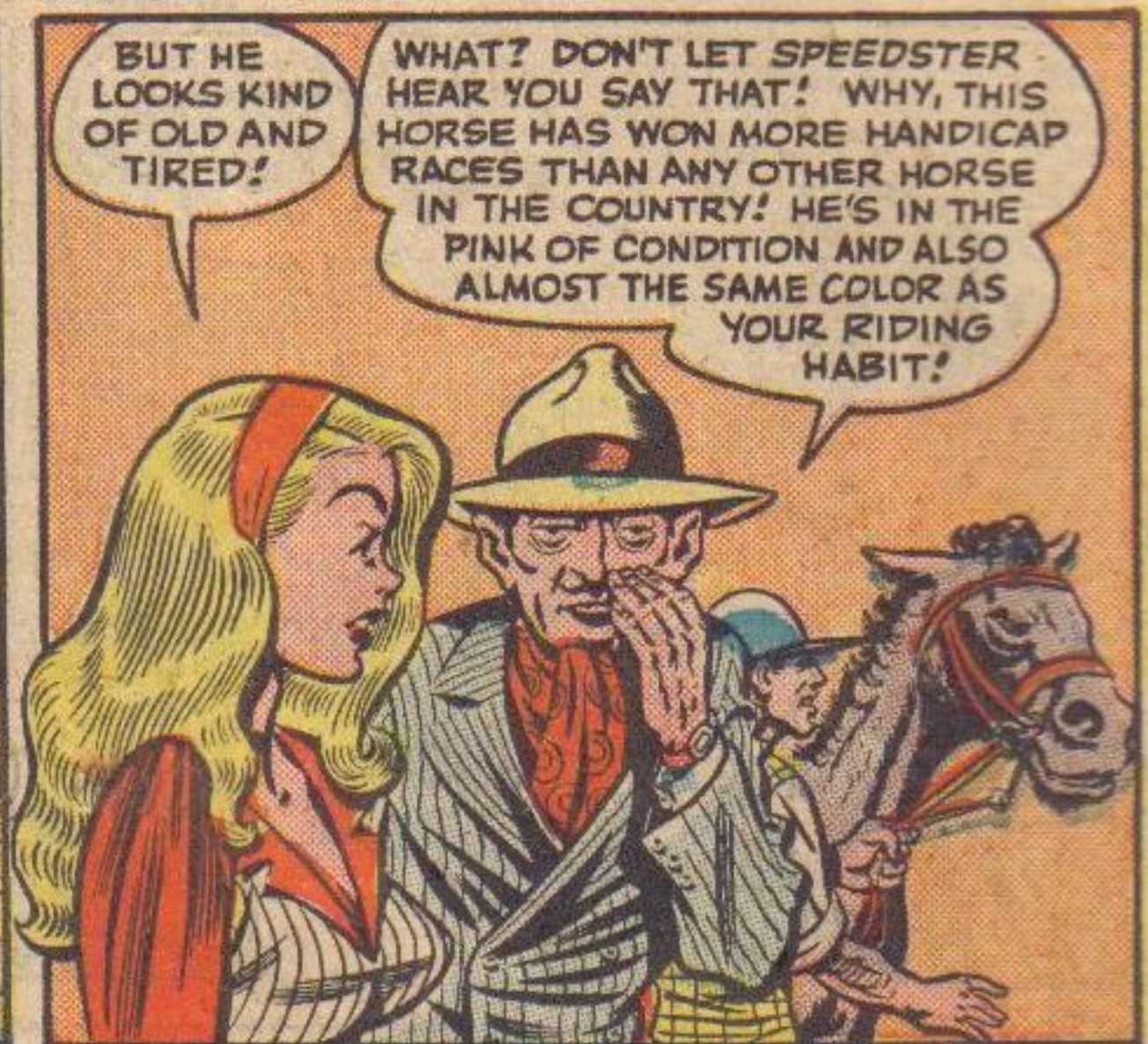




I WANT A HORSE WITH PLENTY OF GLAMOUR!

I'VE GOT THE VERY NAG...ER... I MEAN STEED FOR YOU, LADY!

JOE, BRING **SPEEDSTER** OUT!



BUT HE LOOKS KIND OF OLD AND TIRED!

WHAT? DON'T LET **SPEEDSTER** HEAR YOU SAY THAT! WHY, THIS HORSE HAS WON MORE HANDICAP RACES THAN ANY OTHER HORSE IN THE COUNTRY! HE'S IN THE PINK OF CONDITION AND ALSO ALMOST THE SAME COLOR AS YOUR RIDING HABIT!



ALL RIGHT, IF YOU SAY SO!

AND DON'T GIVE HIM TOO MUCH REIN OR HE'LL ABSOLUTELY **TAKE OFF!**



HERE'S HOPING **SPEEDSTER** DOESN'T SEE A MILK WAGON!

IF HE DOES, THAT DOLL WON'T GET MUCH OF A RIDE! WHEN **SPEEDSTER** SEES A MILK WAGON, HE WON'T BUDGE FROM IT!



Meanwhile...

OH, MONTROSE, IT'S SO GLORIOUS BEING OUT HERE WITH YOU!

HOW DID I EVER LET THIS LEECH PERSUADE ME TO INVITE HER TO MY HOUSE PARTY? I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SHAKE HER NOW!



WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF WE COULD GO RIDING IN THE PARK LIKE THIS EVERY DAY OF OUR LIVES?

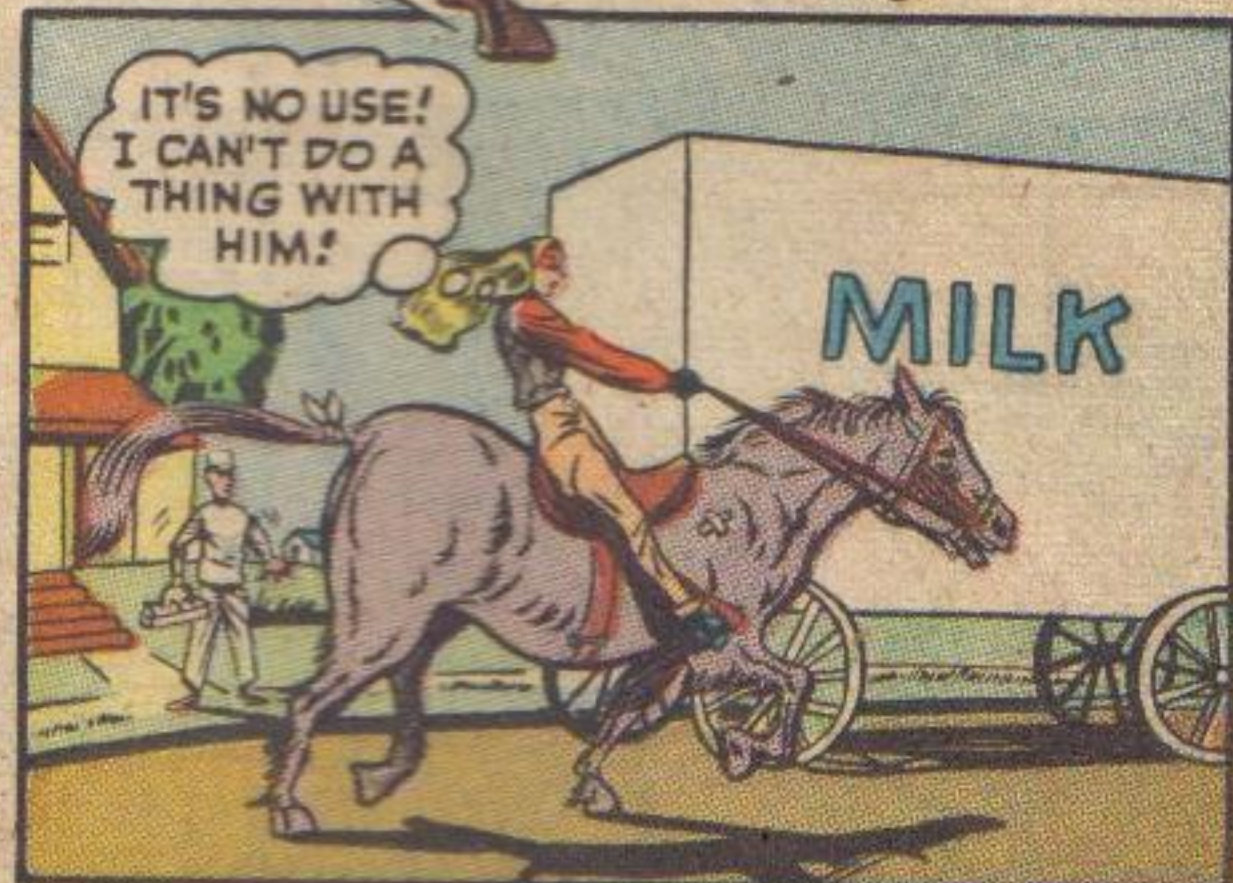
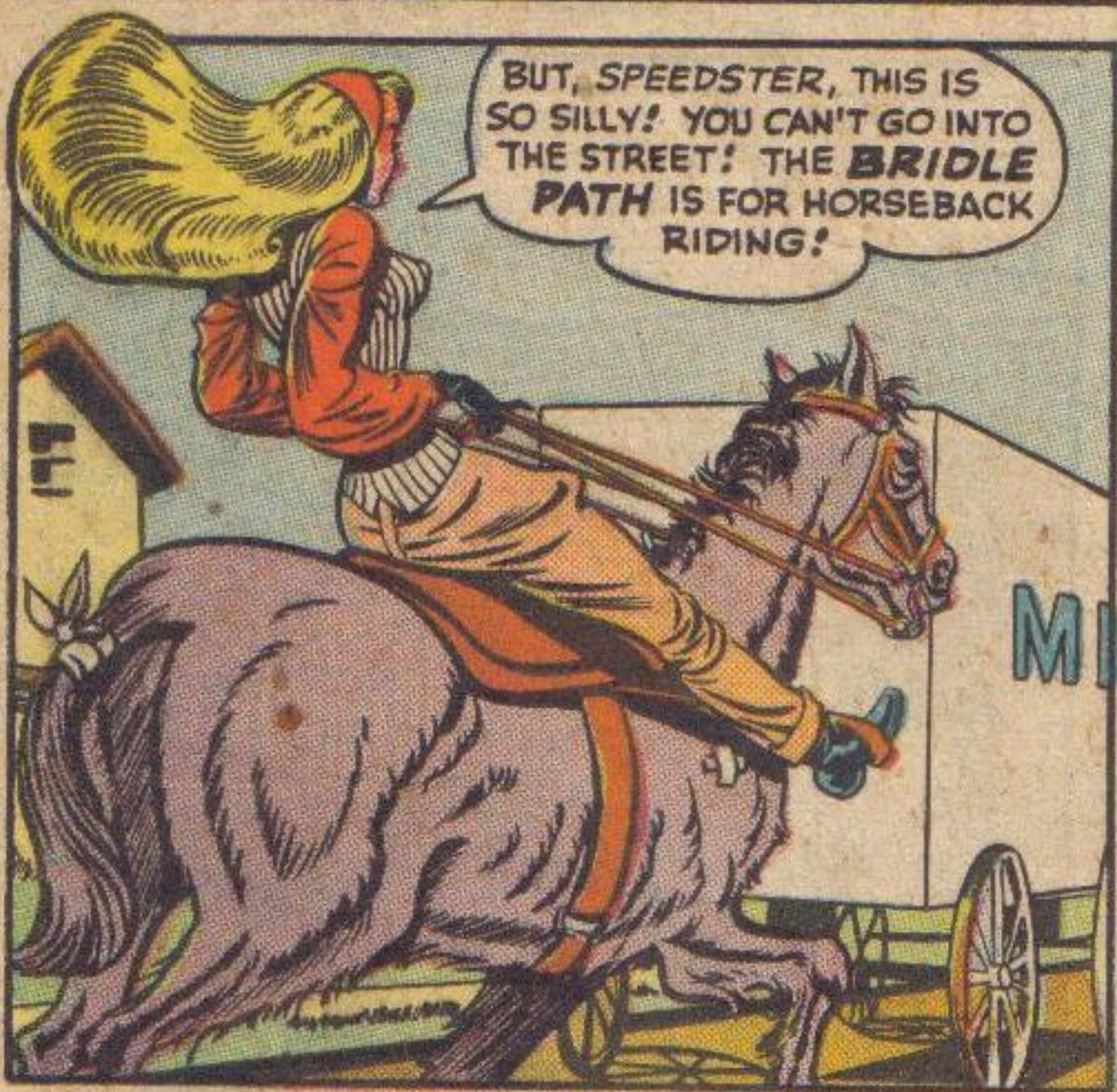
GRAWK! WHAT A HORRIBLE THOUGHT! ER... I MEAN... WELL... WE'D HAVE TO GIVE IT QUITE A LOT OF THOUGHT FIRST, WOULDN'T WE?



OF COURSE, I DON'T BELIEVE IN ENTERING INTO MARRIAGE HASTILY EITHER, BUT...

MARRIAGE? OW-W-W!









THAT RUNAWAY  
MIGHT HAVE THROWN  
AND KILLED  
YOU!

GOSH! IT'S THAT  
EXCITING  
SOCIETY  
FELLOW!

DO YOU THINK  
SO? OH, HOW  
AWFUL! I  
FEEL FAINT!

BY JOVE! SHE'S  
BEAUTIFUL!



THE POOR  
GIRL FAINTED!  
THE ORDEAL WAS  
TOO MUCH FOR  
HER!

HUMPH!

GOODNESS!  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

YOU FAINTED!  
YOU'RE TOO WEAK  
TO GO HOME  
ALONE! YOU MUST  
COME WITH US!  
DON'T YOU THINK  
SO, ALICIA?



OF COURSE  
IT'S YOUR HOUSE,  
MONTROSE, SO  
IT ISN'T FOR  
ME TO SAY!

WHAT A  
WONDERFUL  
BREAK! AT ONE  
STROKE, I'LL  
MARRY THIS  
BEAUTIFUL  
CREATURE  
AND SHAKE  
ALICIA!



DO YOU FEEL  
BETTER NOW?

OH, MUCH BETTER!  
I GUESS I  
OUGHT TO  
BE GOING!

I HOPE HE  
DOESN'T  
AGREE WITH  
ME!



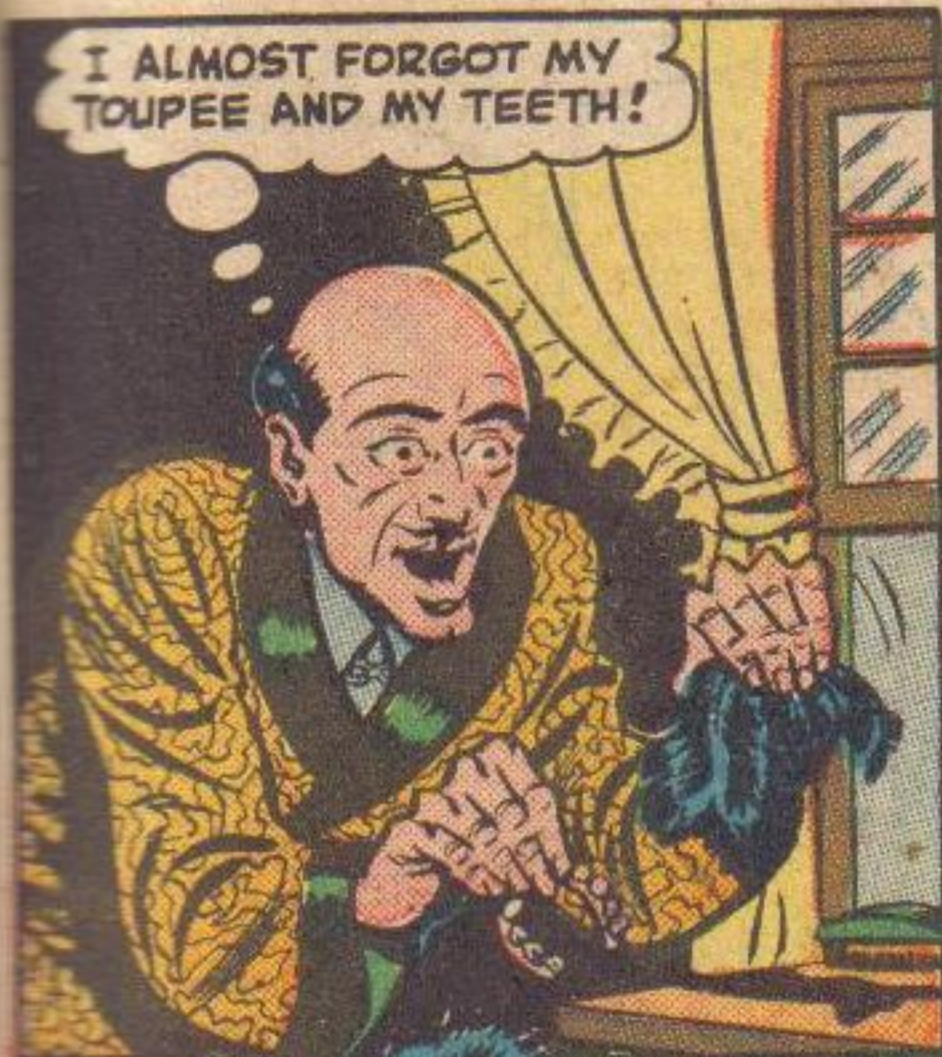
I WOULDN'T DREAM OF LETTING  
YOU GO SO SOON AFTER WHAT  
YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH!  
BESIDES, YOU MUST STAY  
FOR THE PARTY TONIGHT!  
THESE ARE SOME OF MY  
SISTER'S DRESSES!  
SHE'S AWAY AND SHE  
WON'T MIND IF YOU  
WEAR ONE!

THEY'RE  
**BEAUTIFUL!**









I ALMOST FORGOT MY  
TOUPEE AND MY TEETH!



WHAT ON  
EARTH'S  
WRONG?

SAVE ME!  
IT'S A  
GHOST!



YAWP!



MONTROSE! YOUR HAIR! YOUR  
TEETH! I MEAN... YOUR  
LACK OF THEM!



A HAUNTED  
HOUSE... AND  
YOU, TOO!  
BRRR-RR!

HEY!  
WAIT!



I DON'T WANT  
HIM ANY MORE  
THAN YOU DO!

Several days later...



NUTS!

SOCIETY NOTES

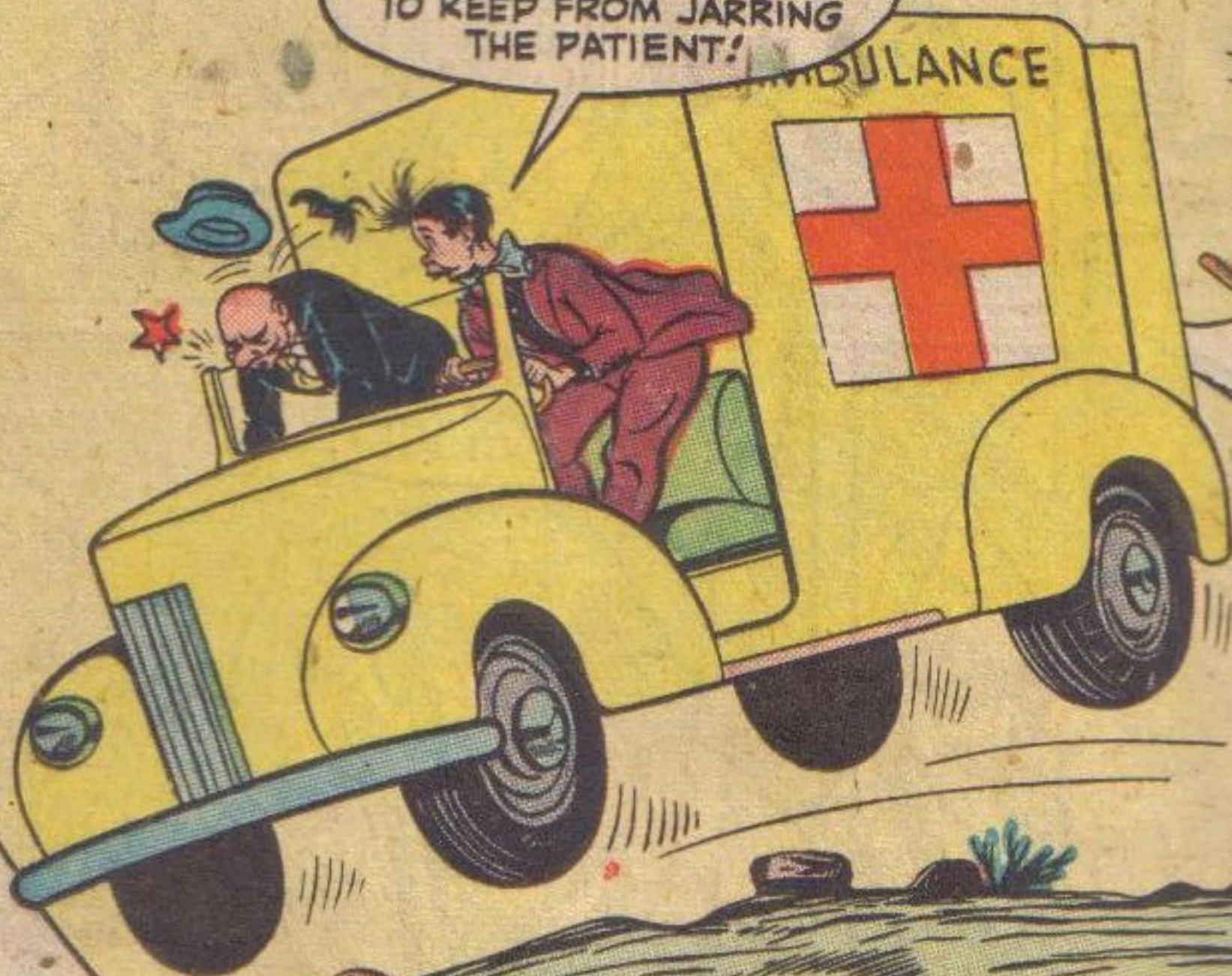


Millionaire  
Playboy Takes  
Private Plane  
Up For Spin...

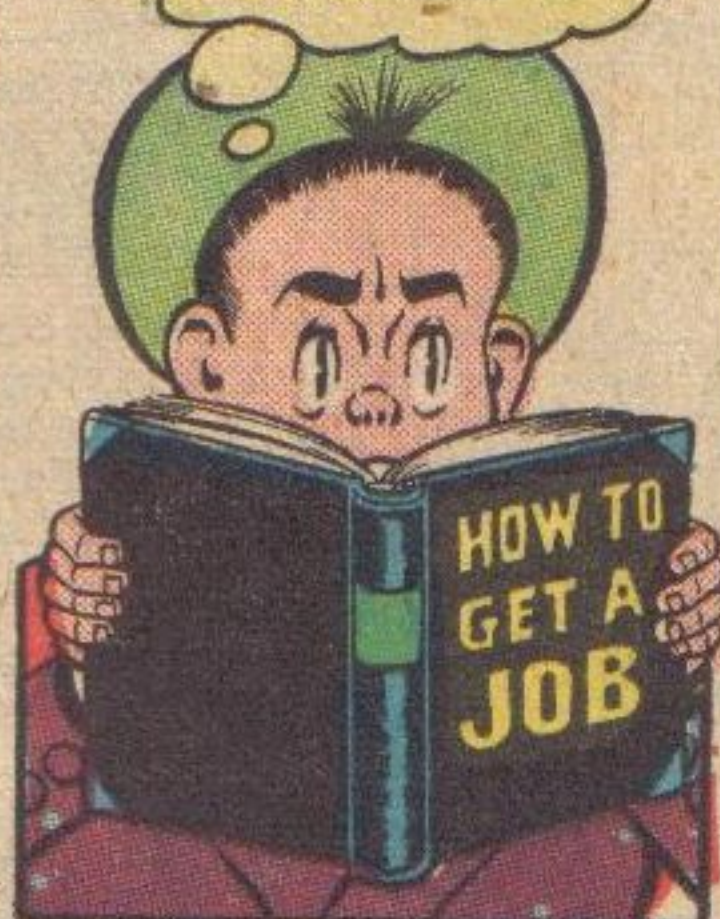


# DOGTAC

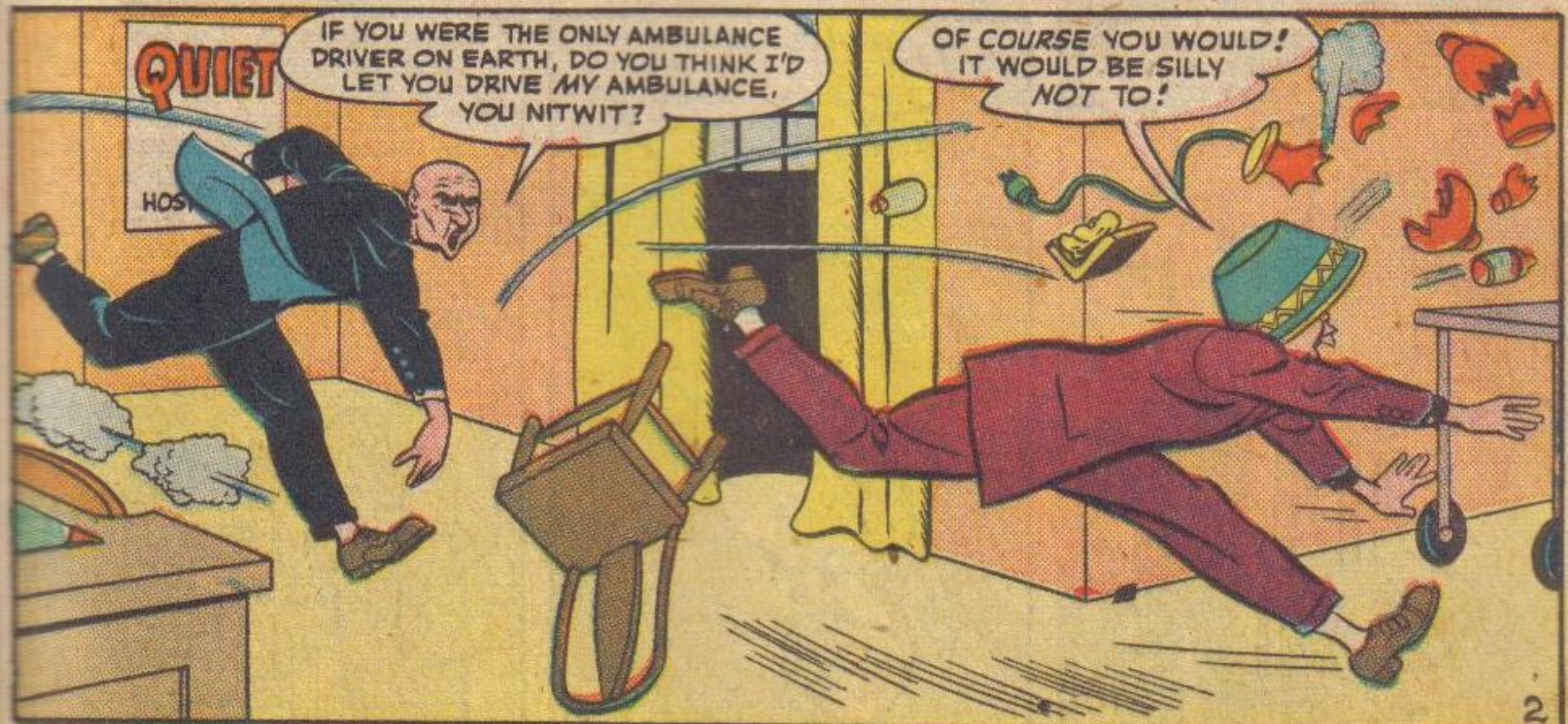
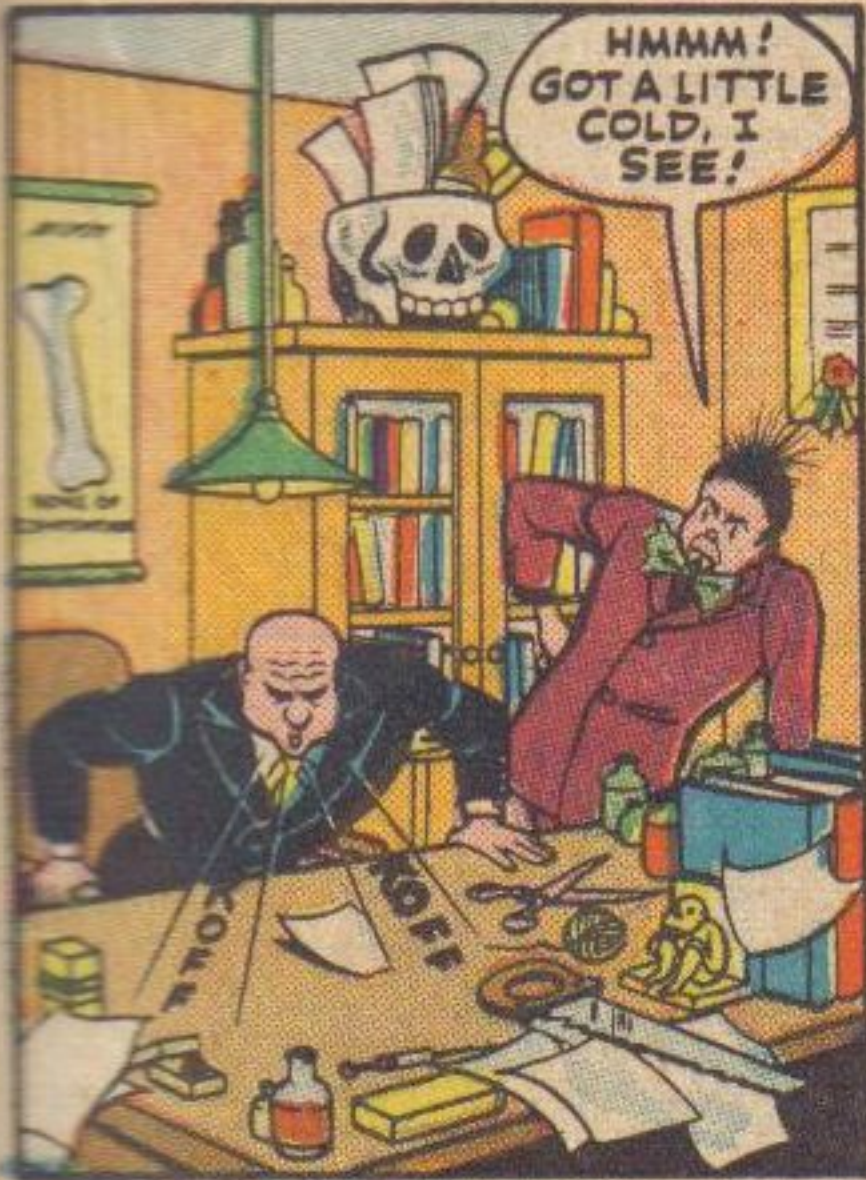
THE IDEA IN DRIVING ONE OF THESE THINGS IS TO GO FAST YET TO KEEP FROM JARRING THE PATIENT!



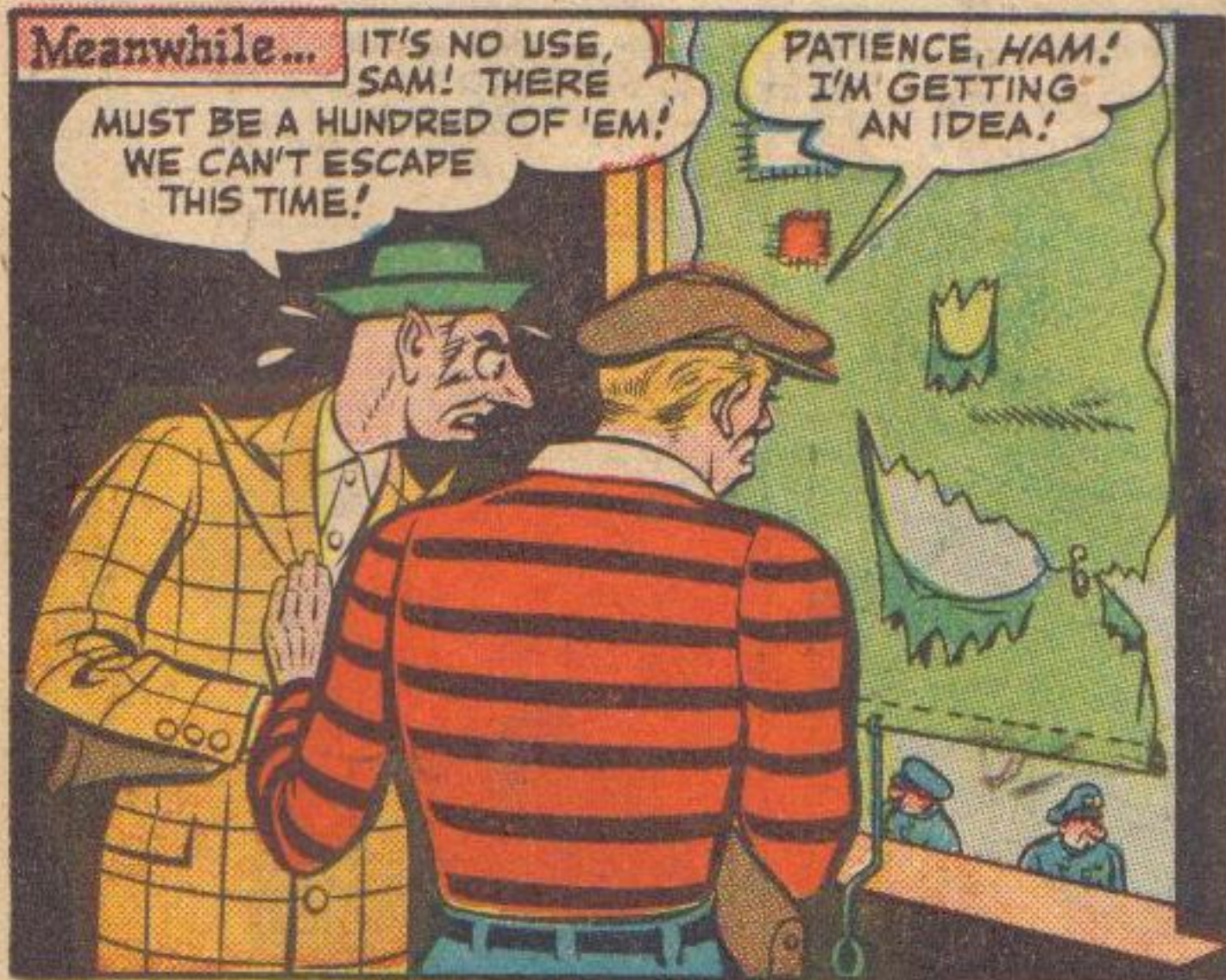
"IN APPLYING FOR THAT JOB, ALWAYS EXUDE CONFIDENCE AND HEARTINESS .... IT WILL IMPRESS THE PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER!"



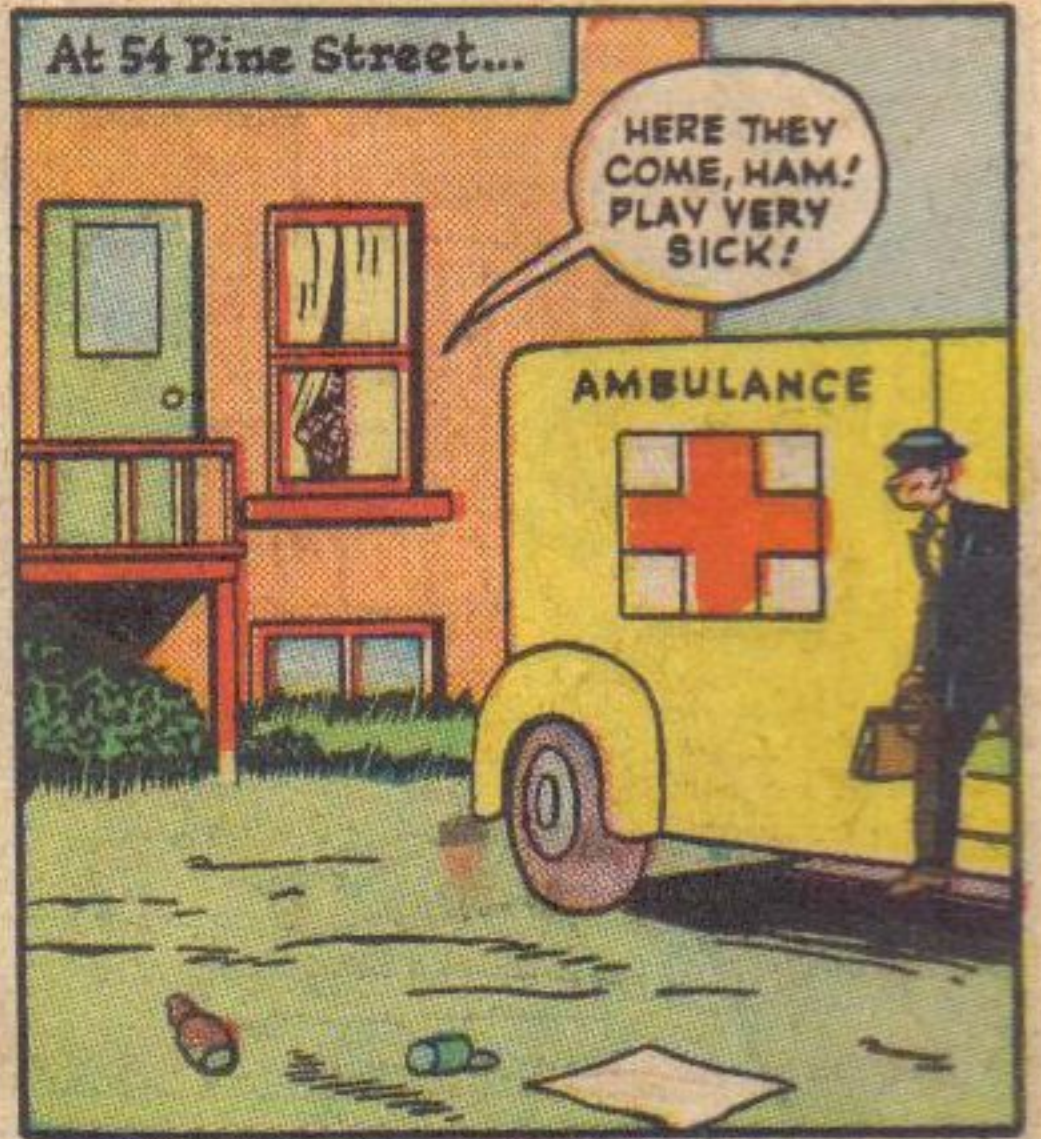
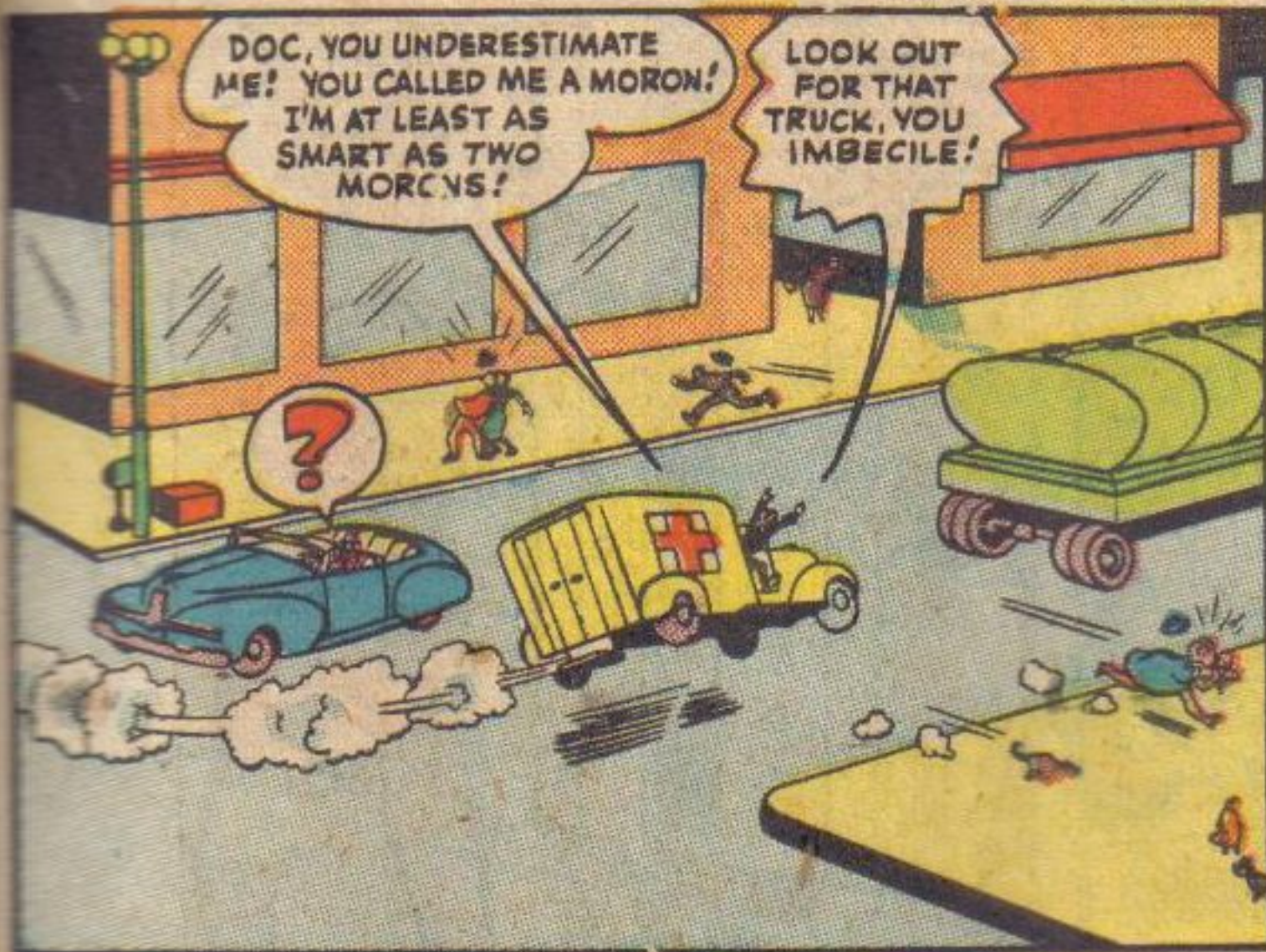




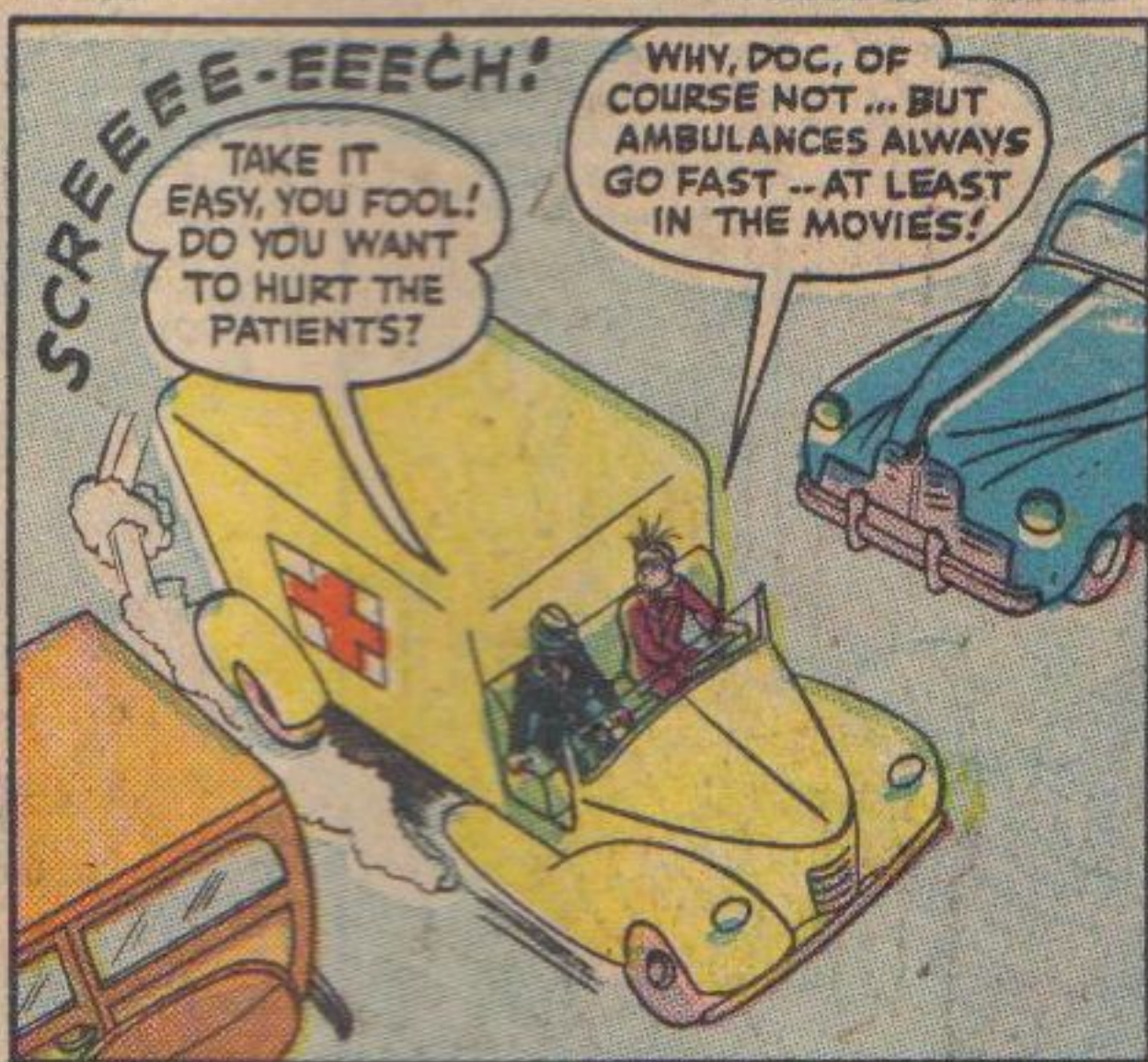
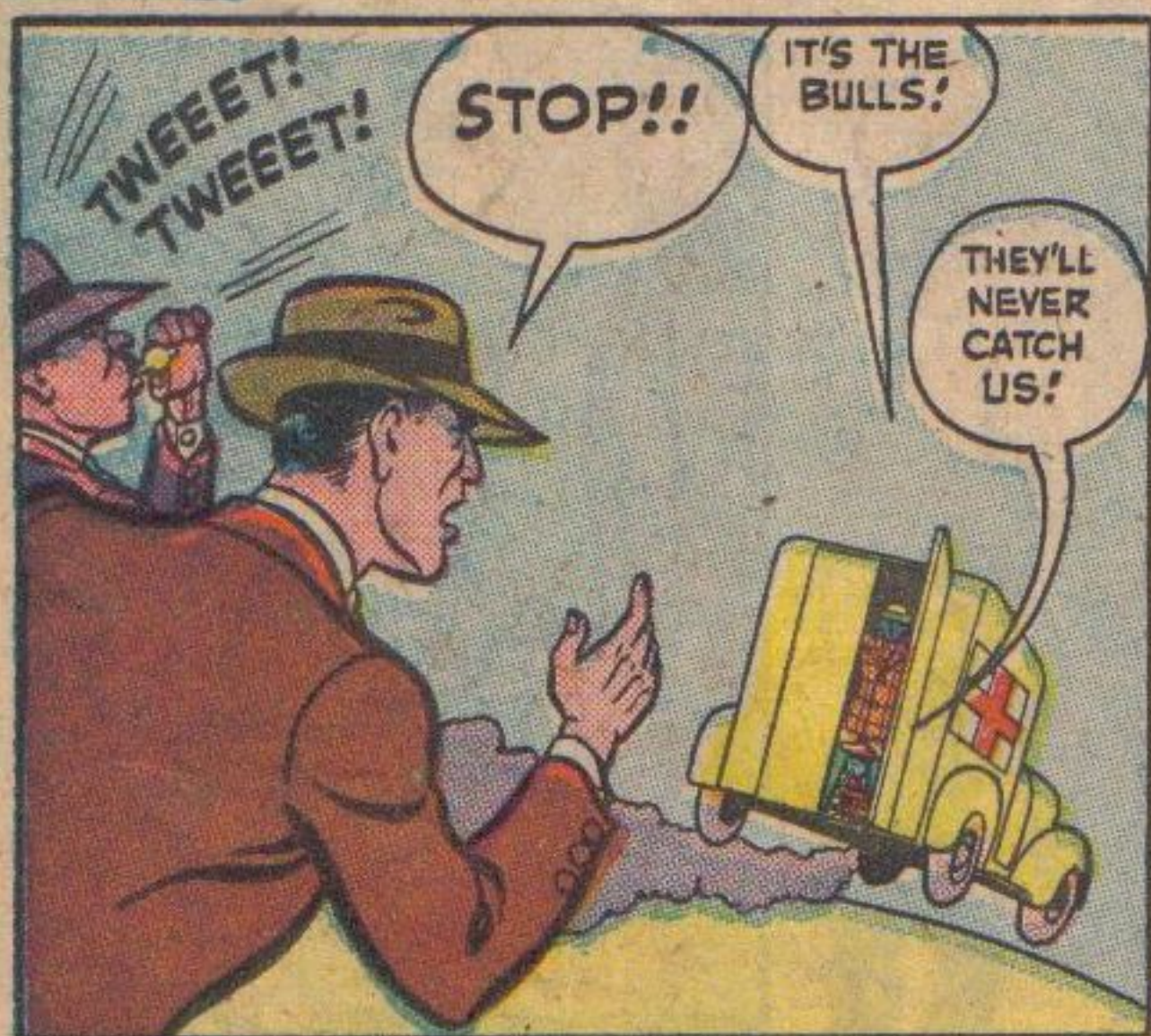
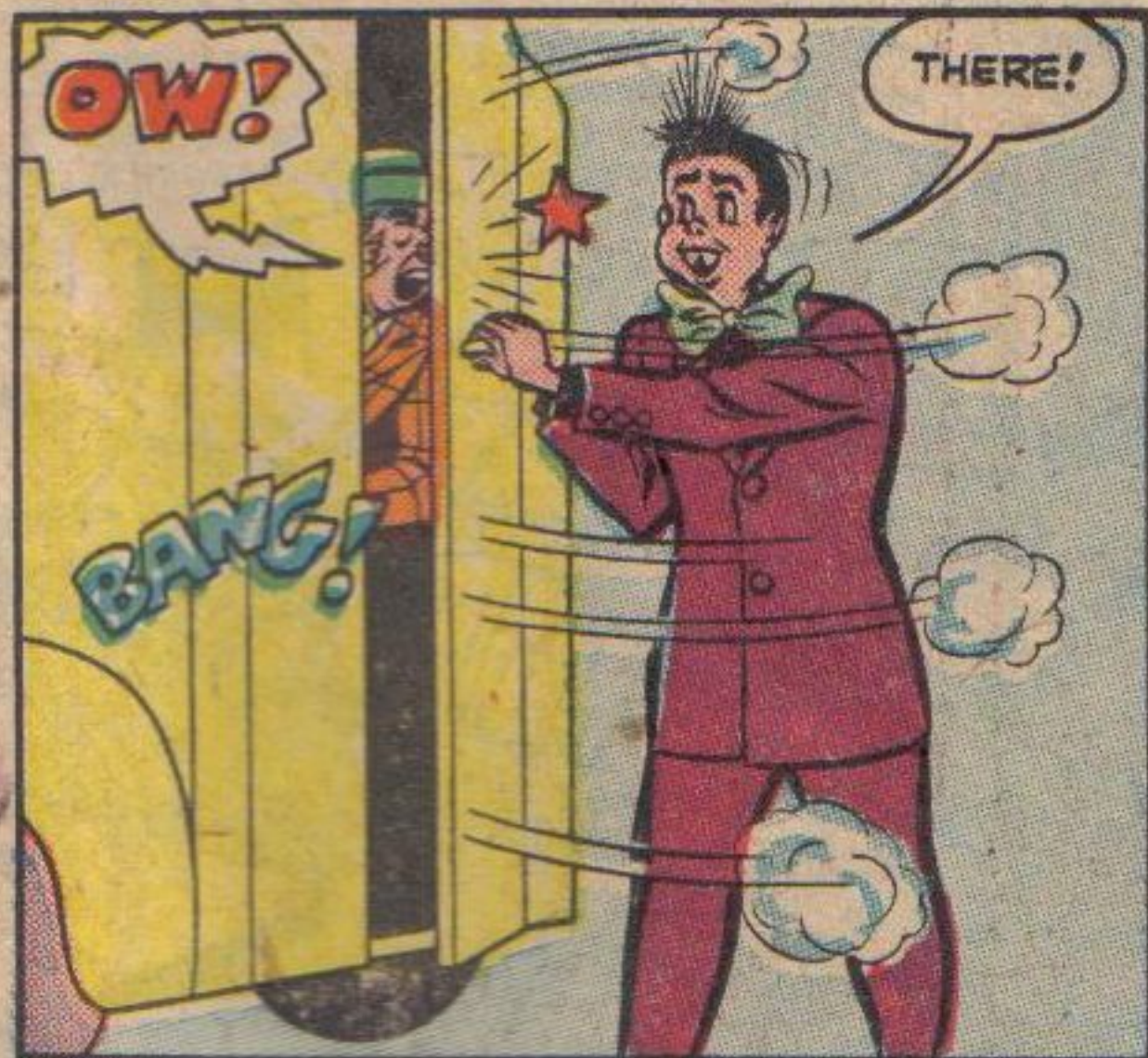




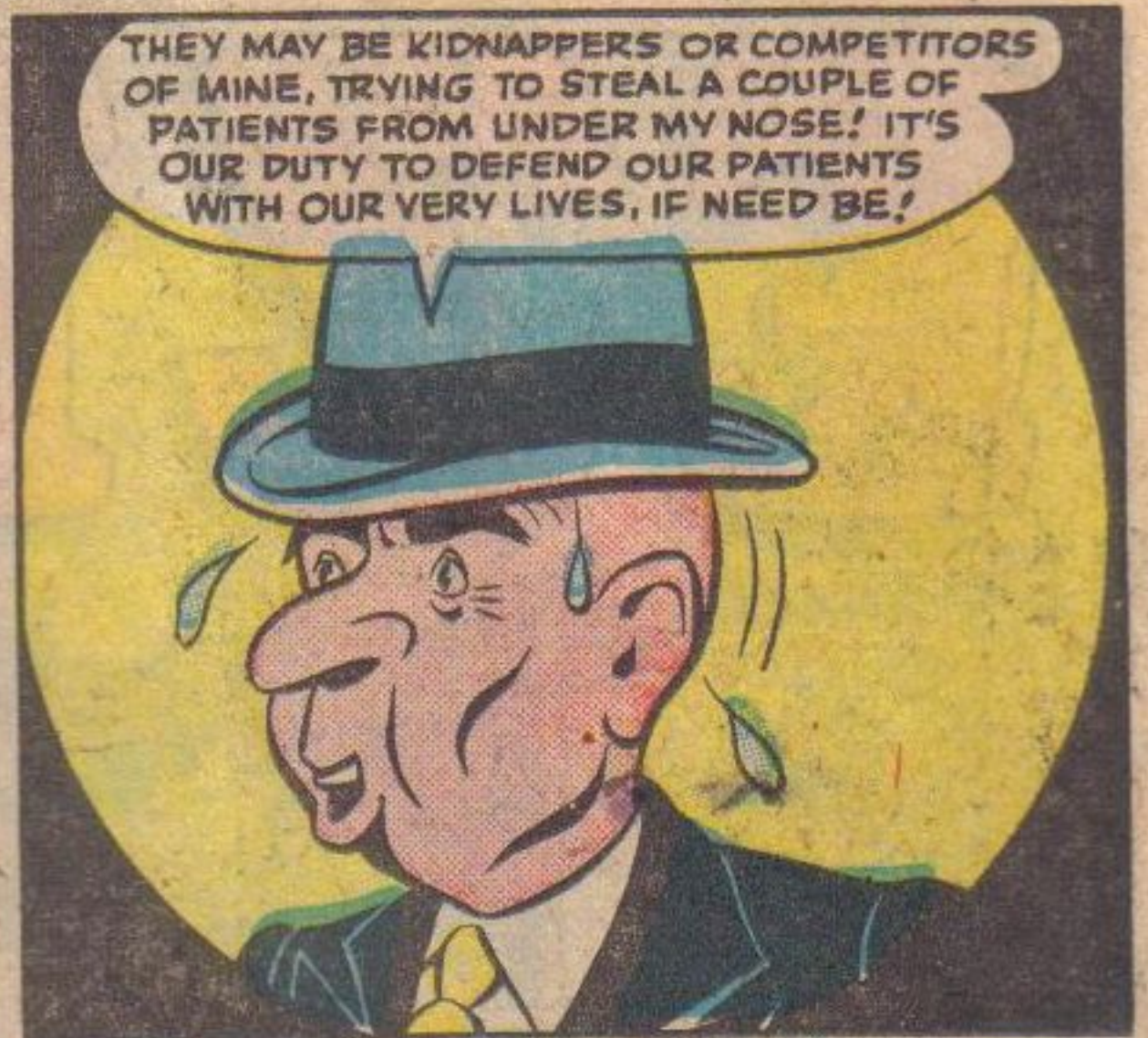
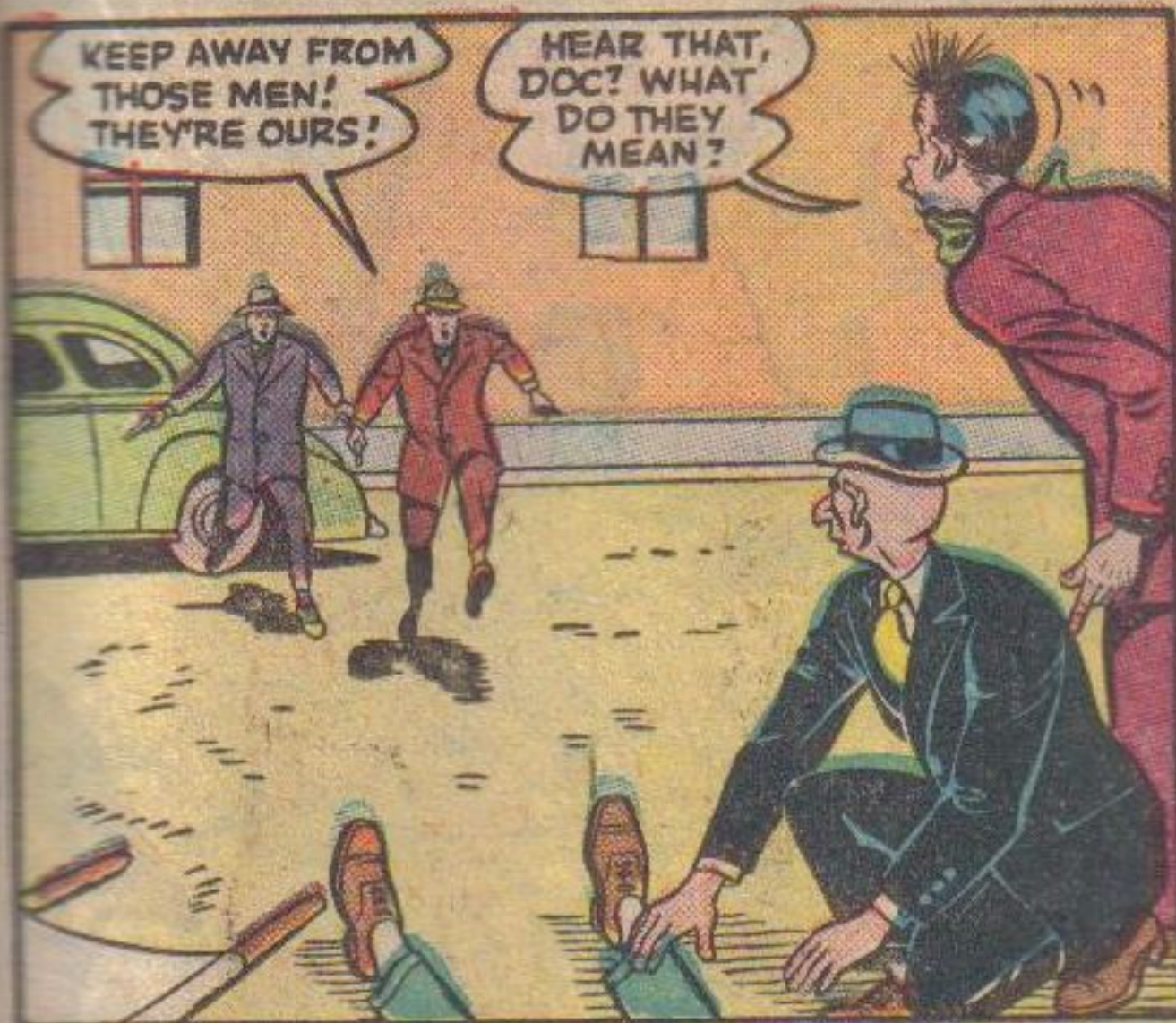






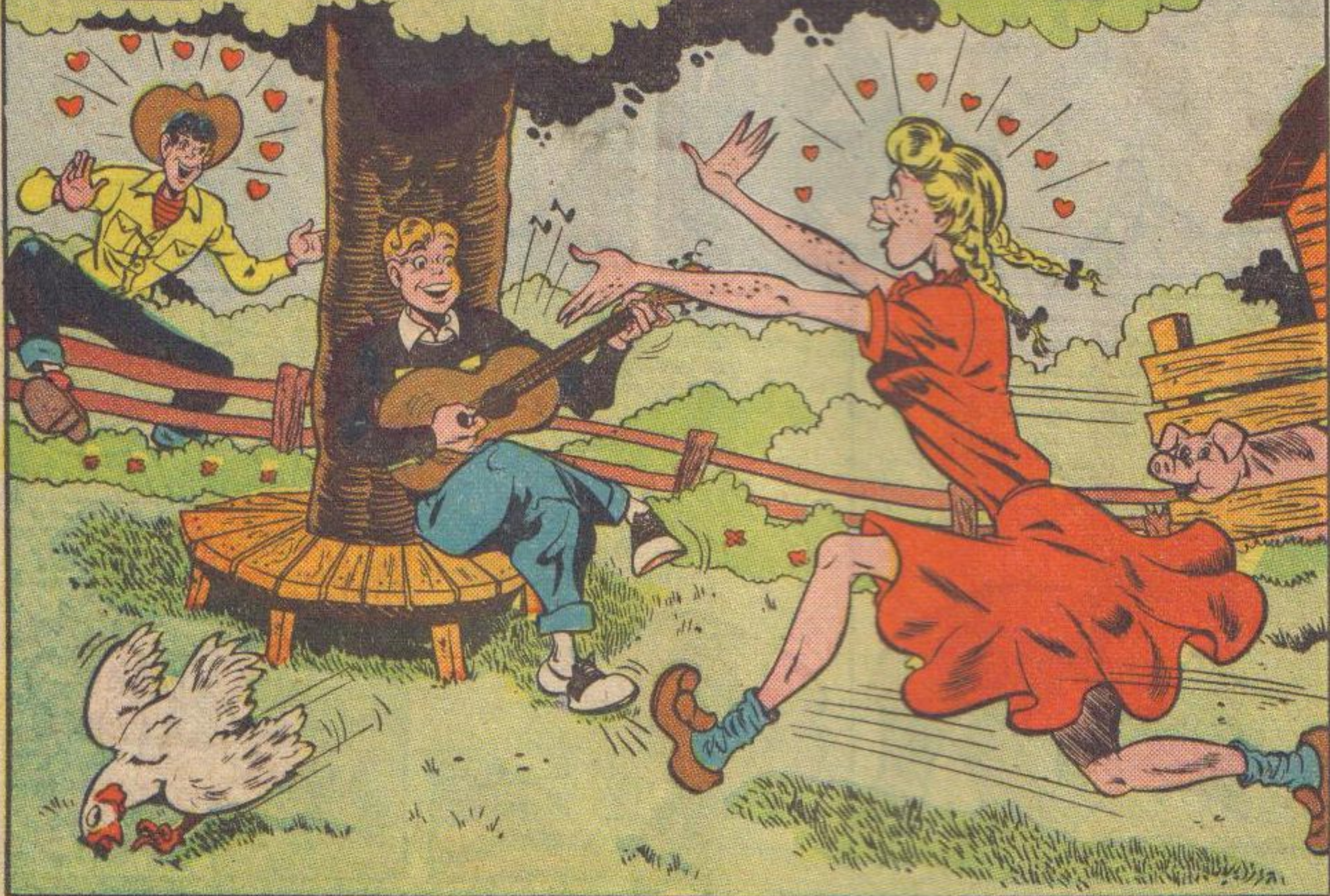








# EZRA



As our story opens, we find a train racing for the little town of Manorville...







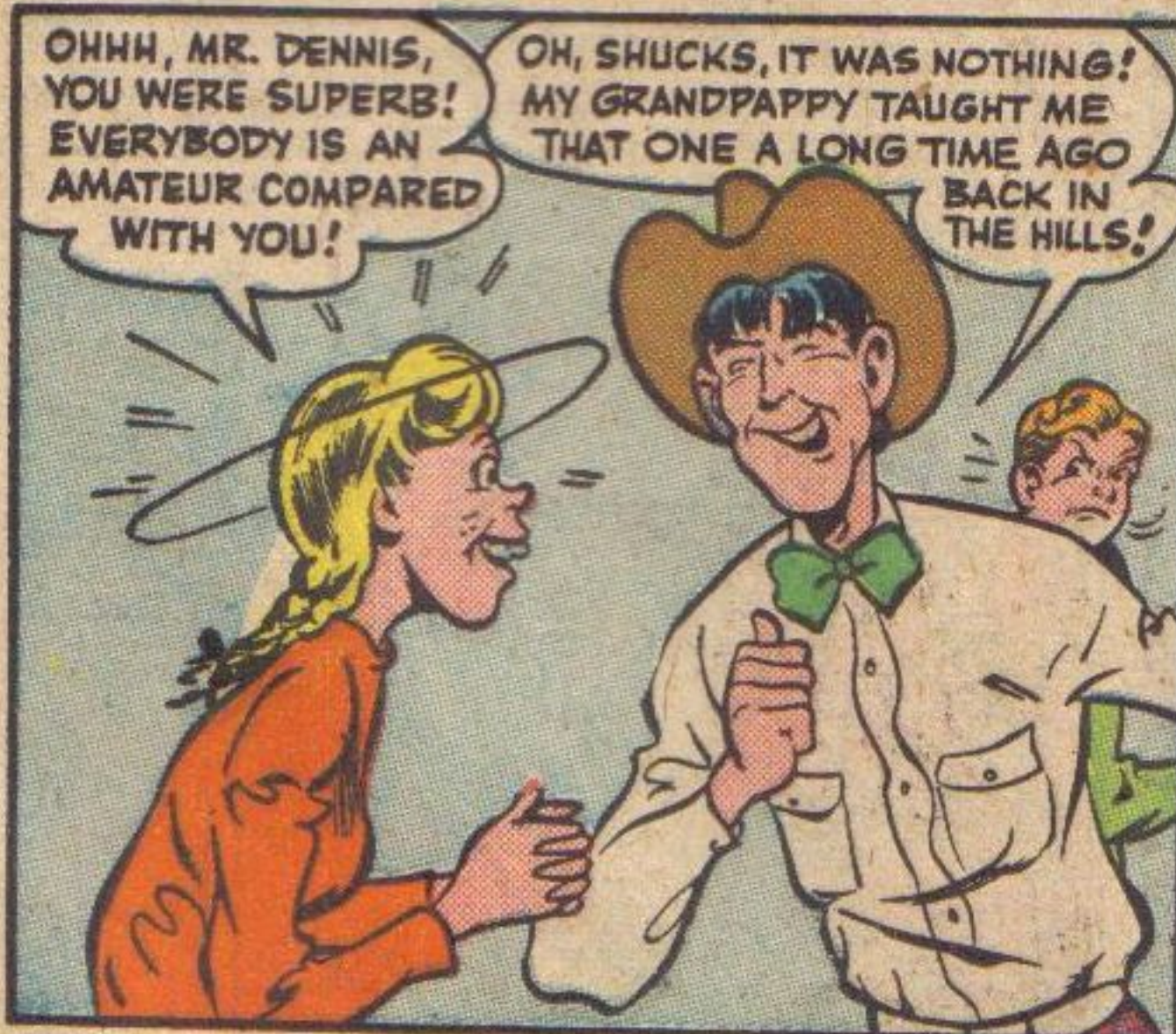
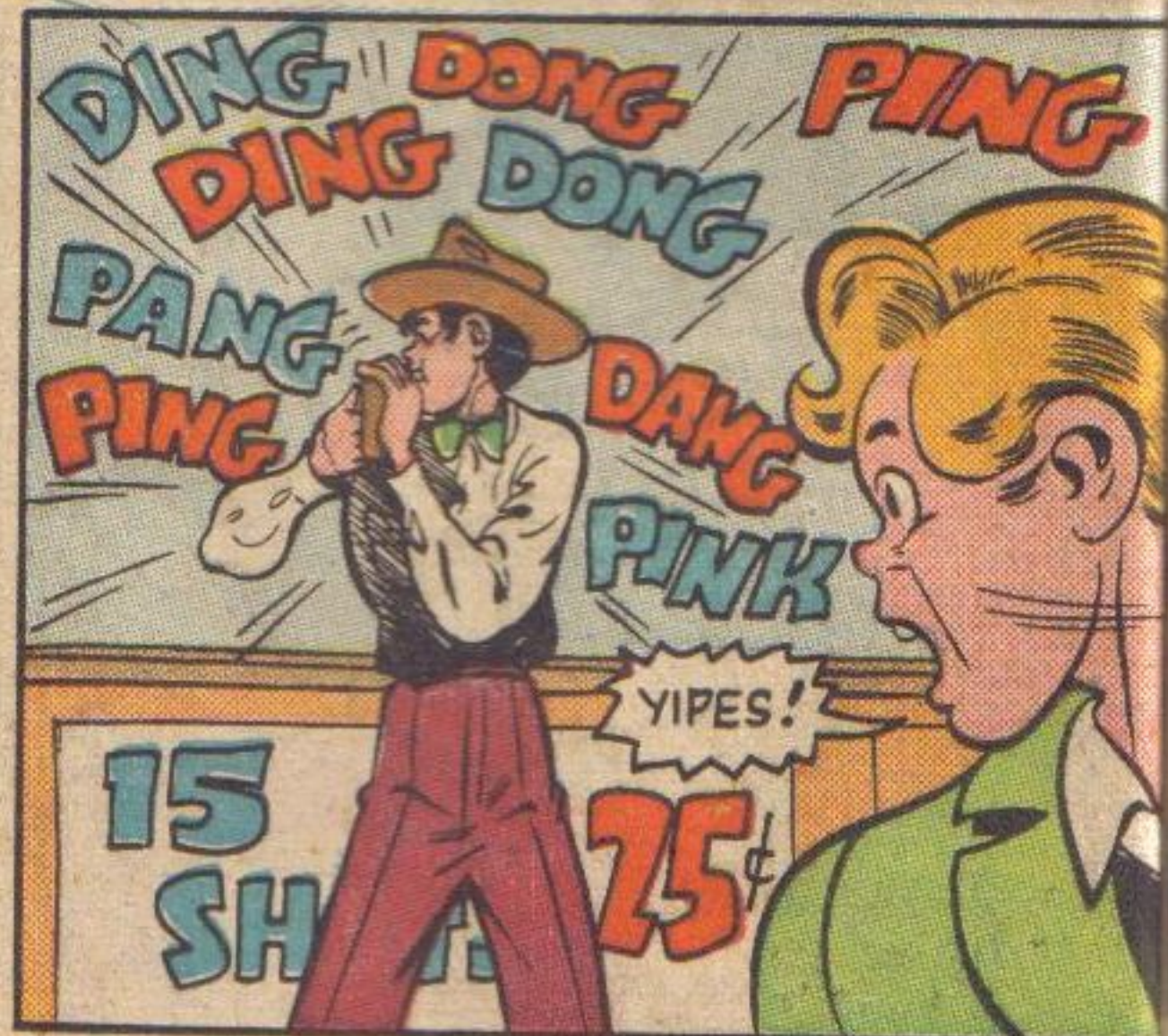




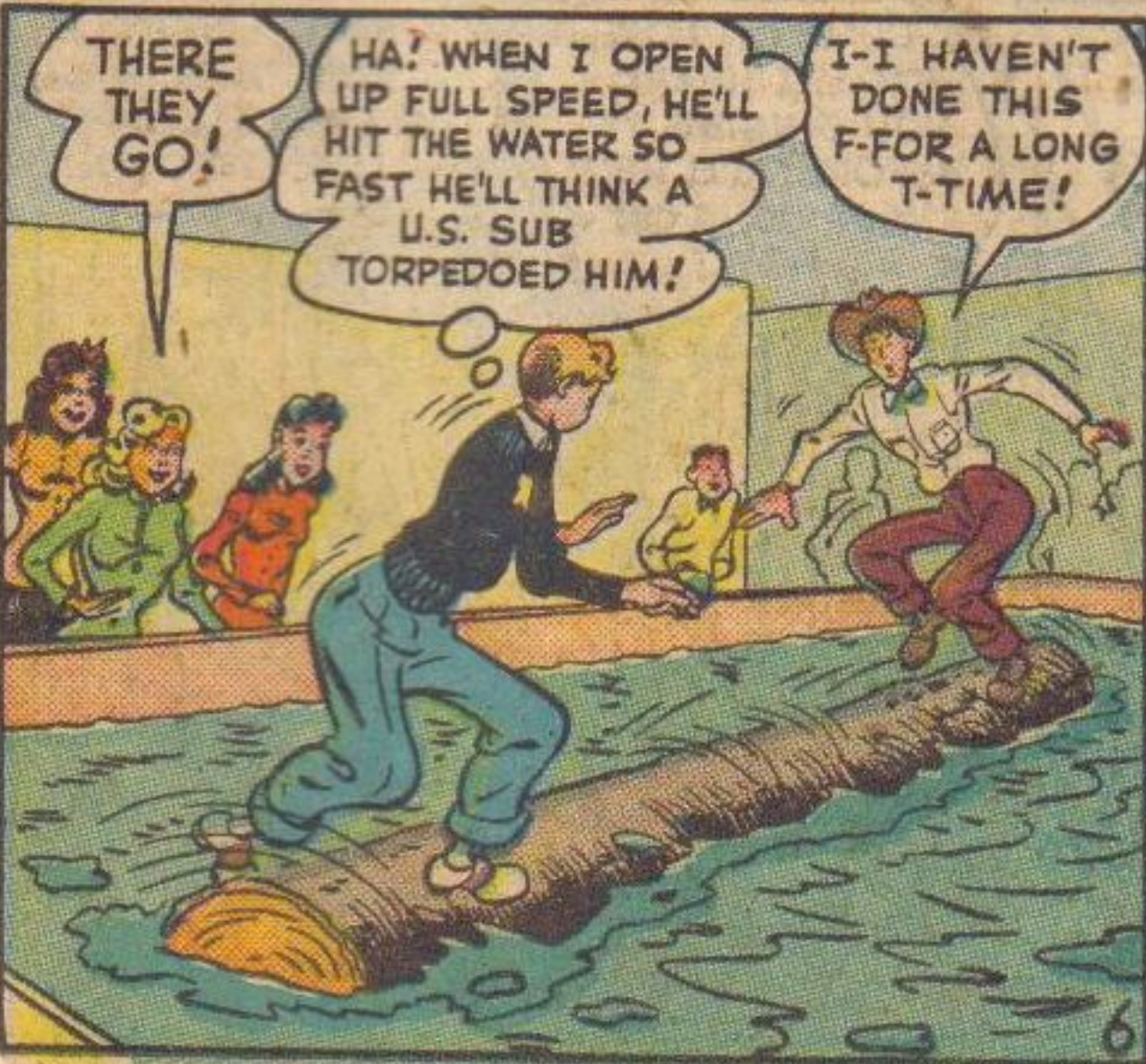
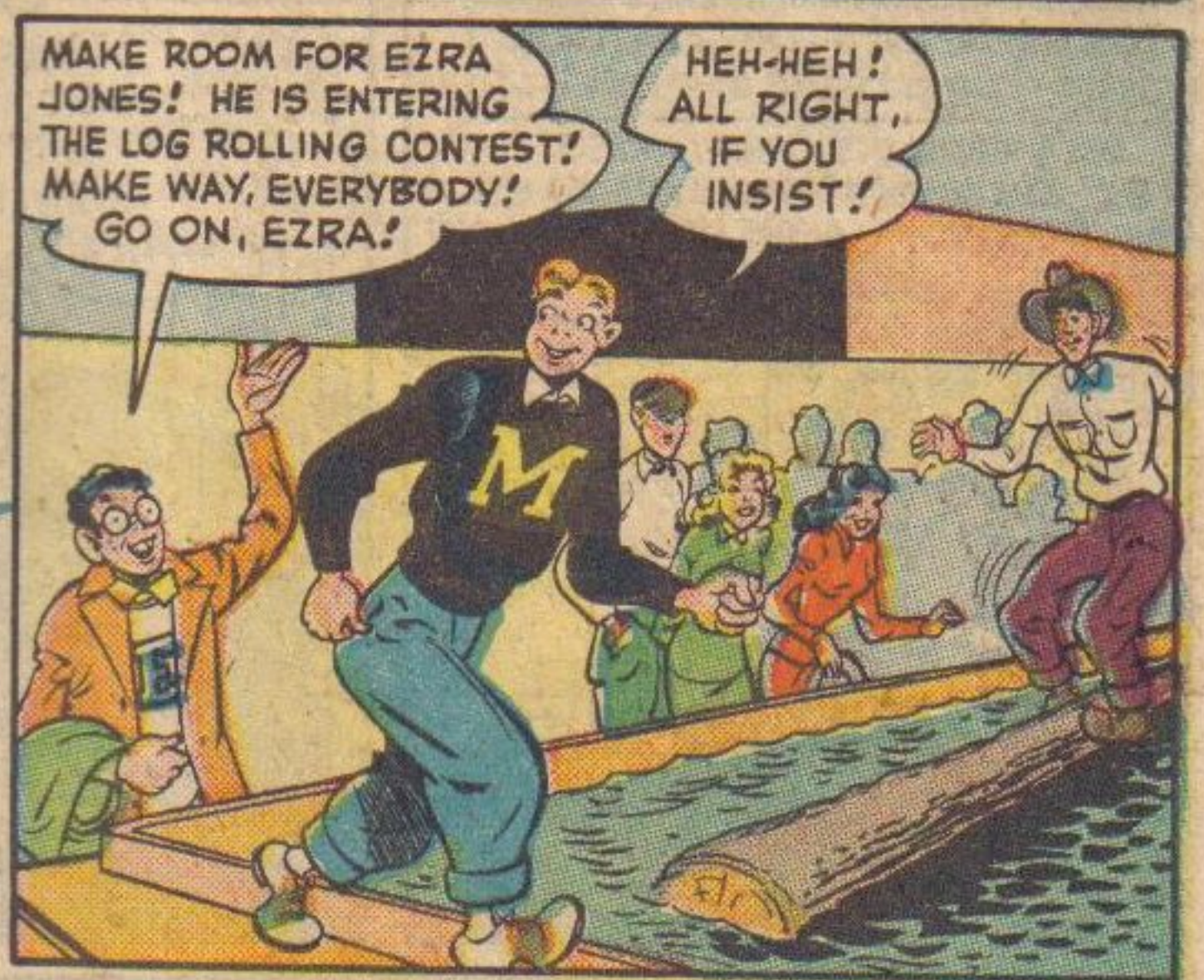




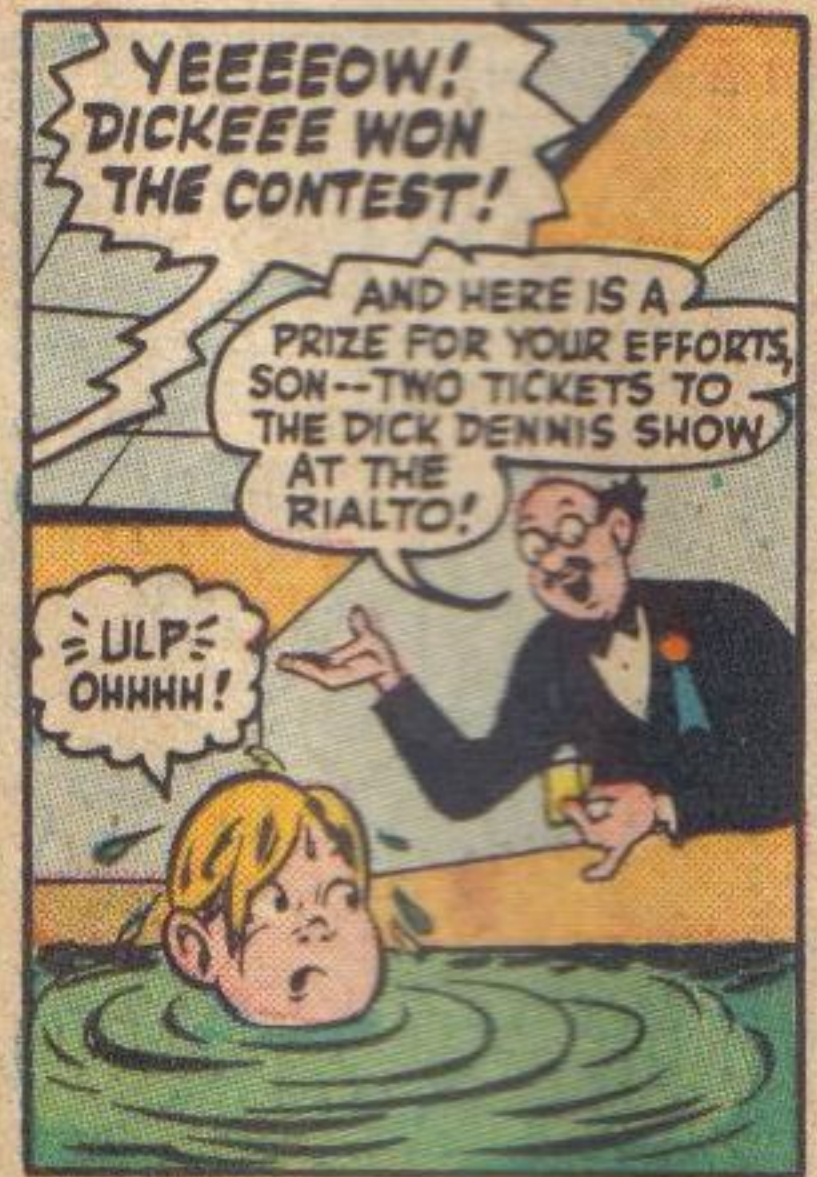
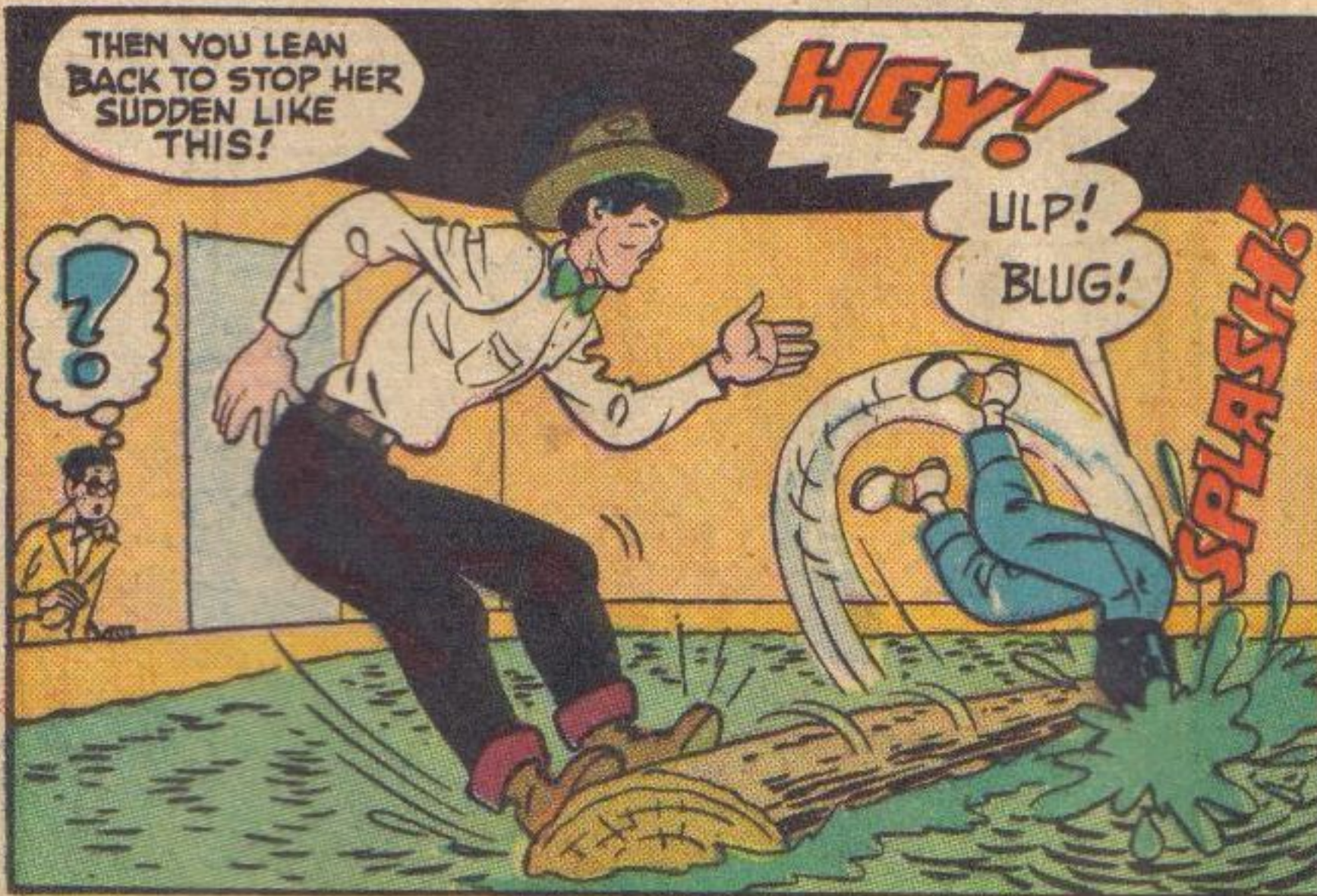




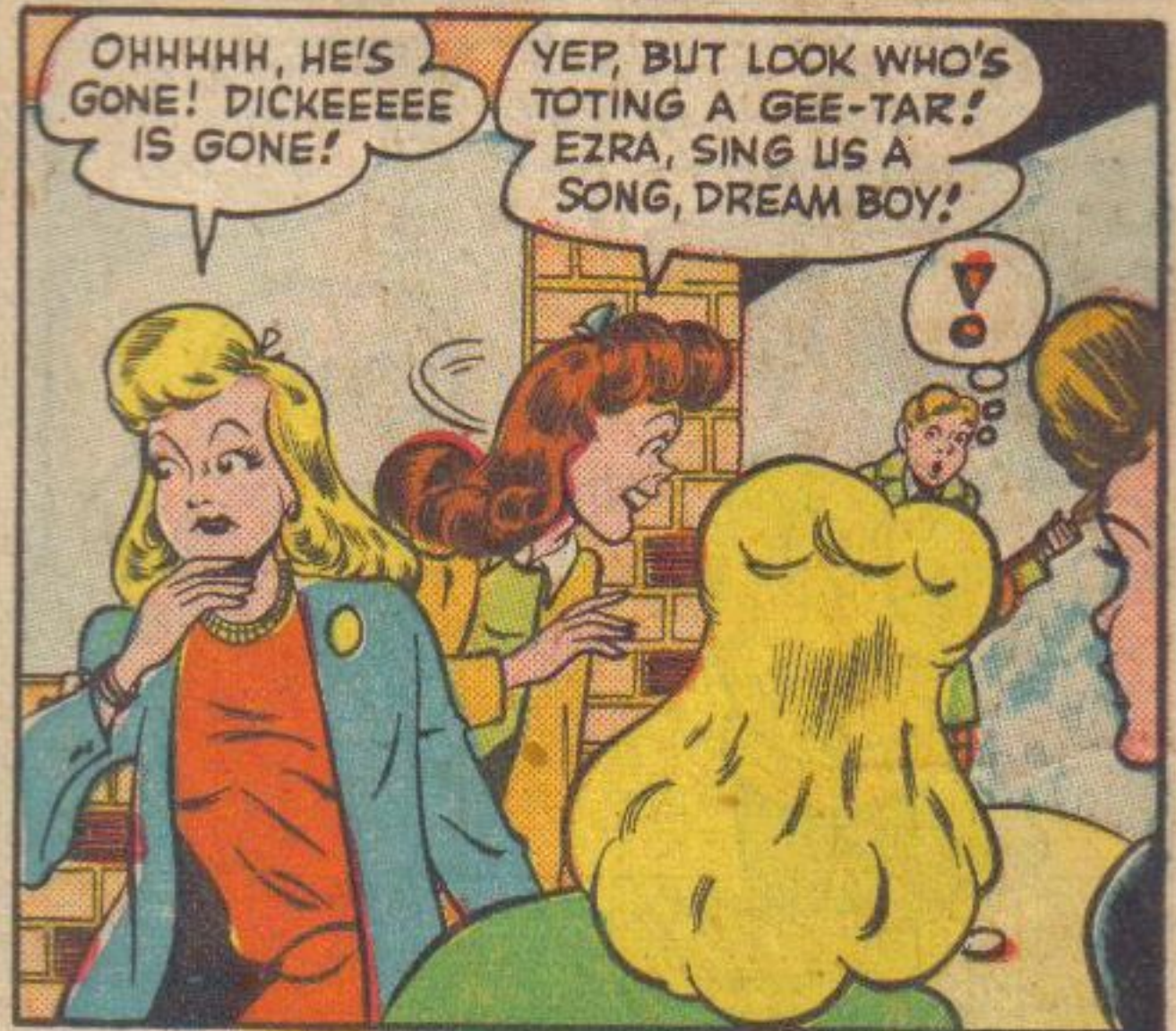
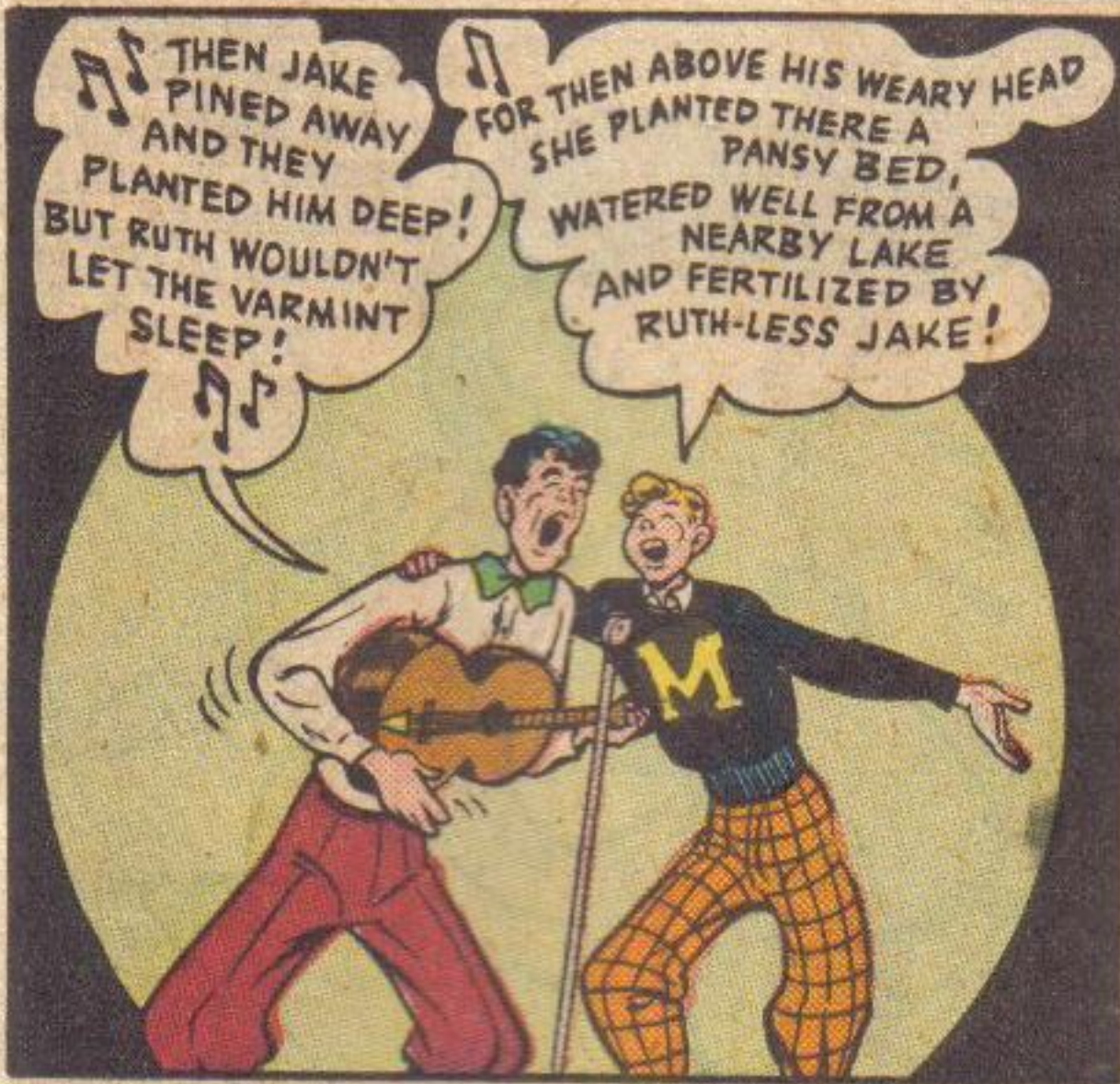






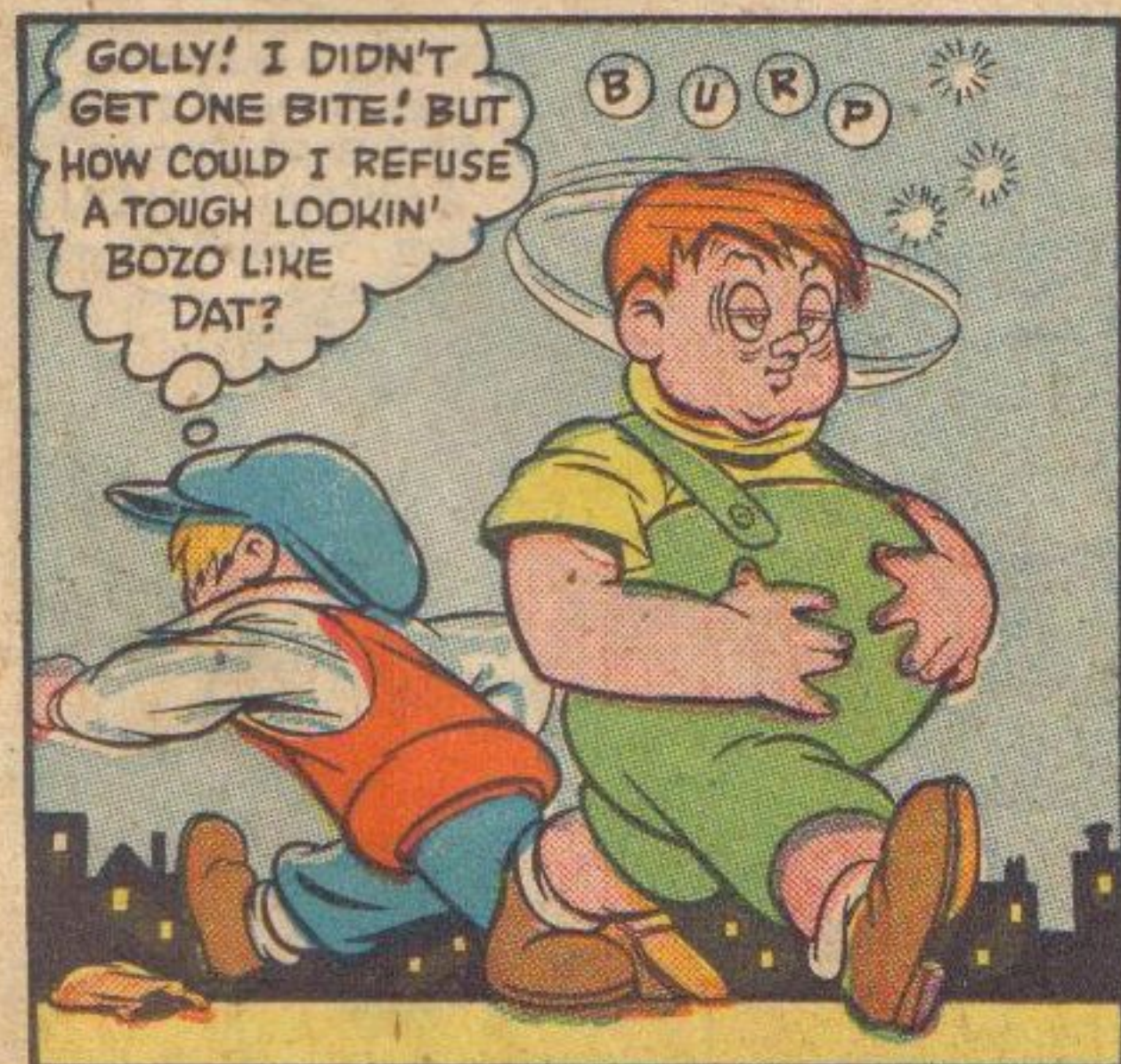
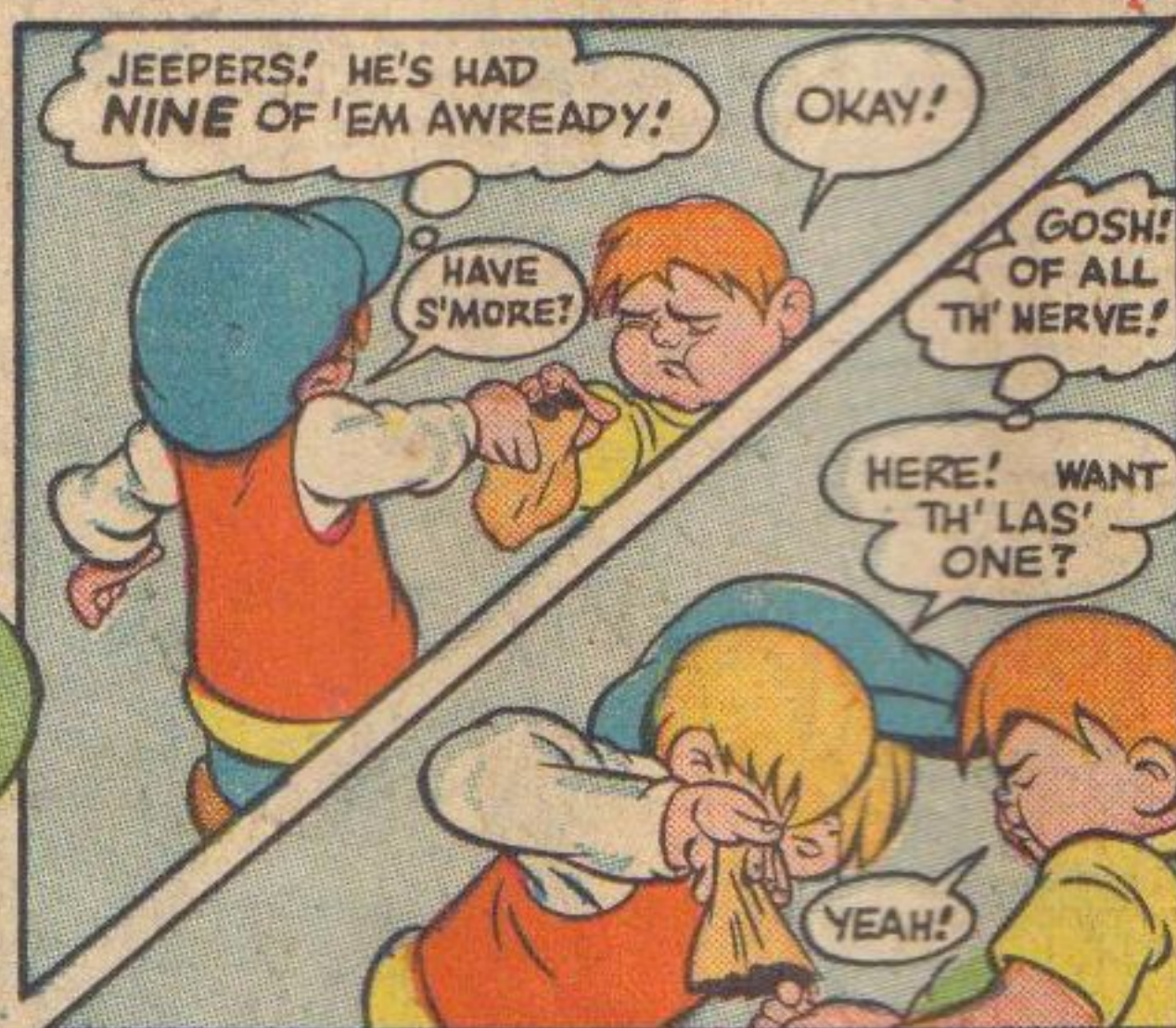
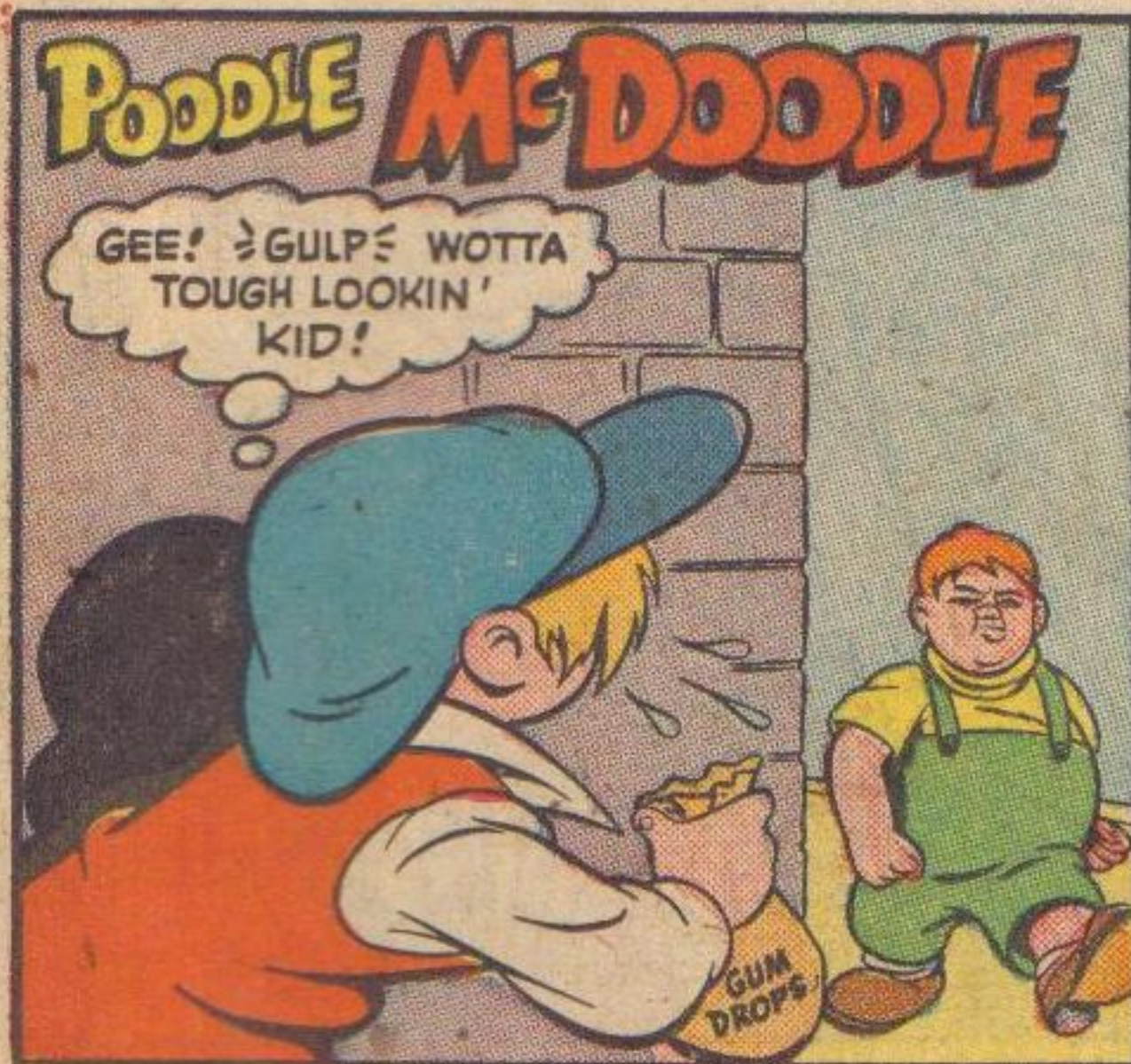








# POODLE McDOODLE





YES, I'VE BEEN  
TINKERING AROUND  
WITH A LITTLE  
ELECTRICITY!  
BUT HOW'D  
YOU KNOW!

A LITTLE  
GLO-WORM  
TOLD ME!

# Will

# Bragg

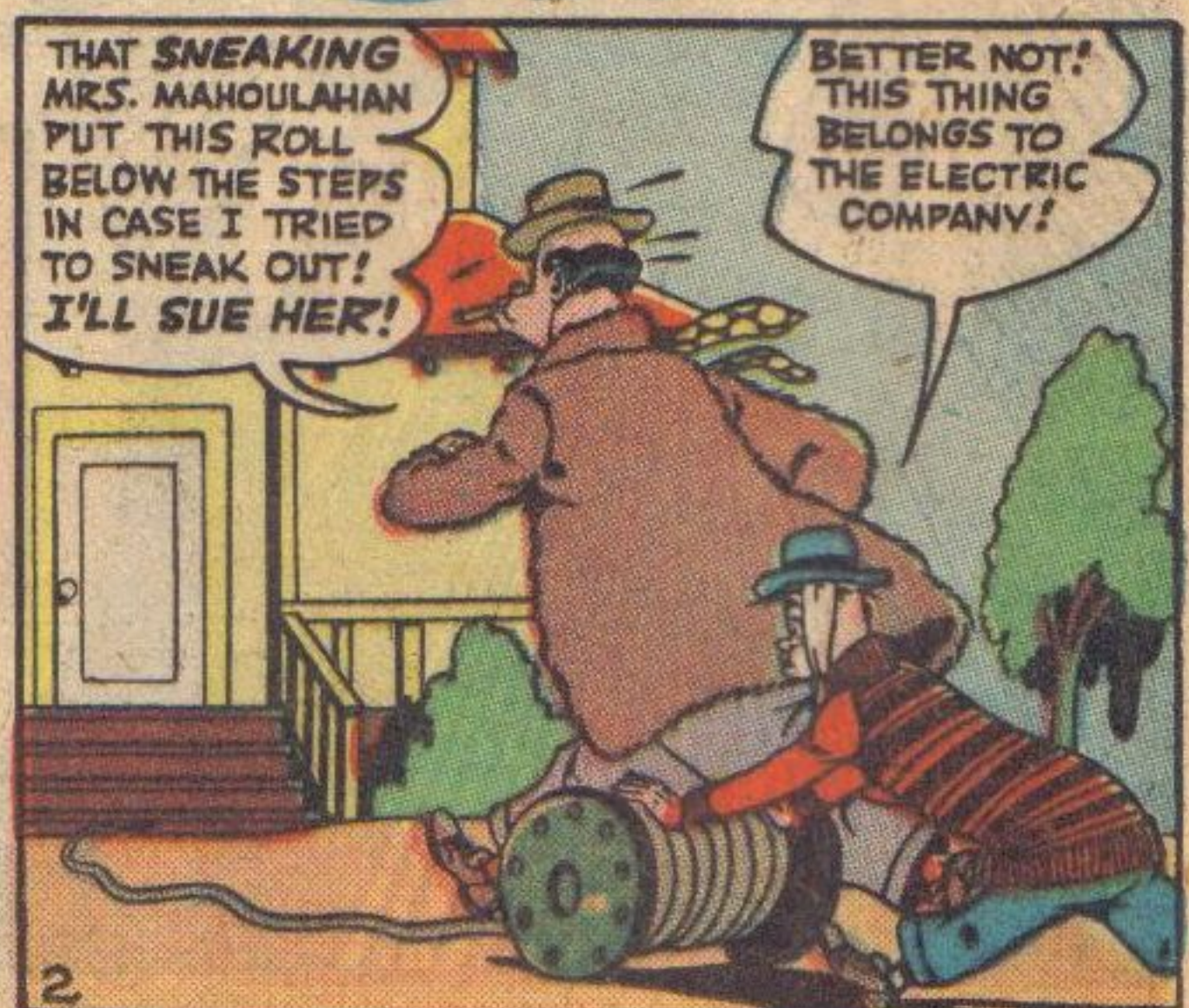
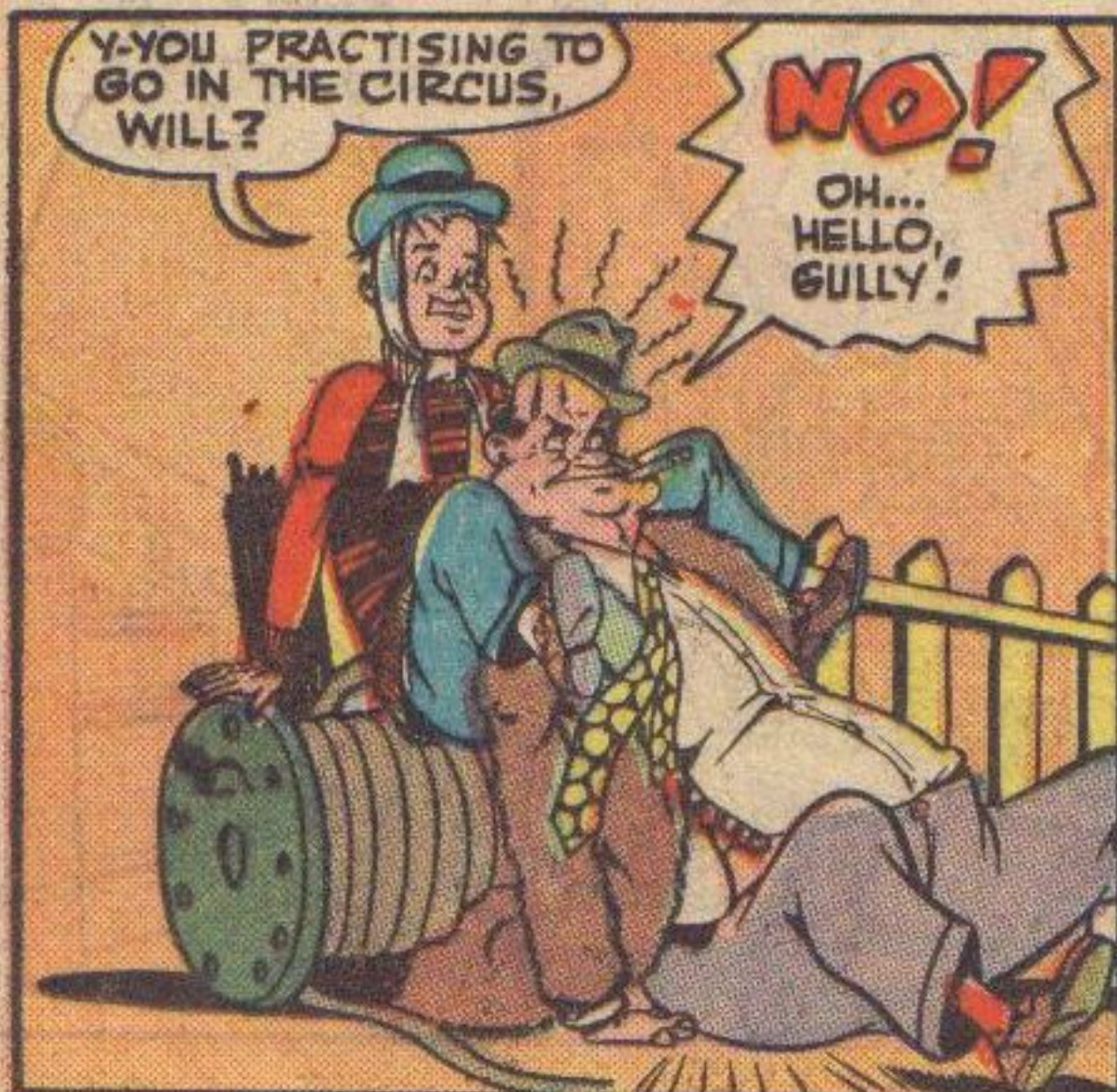
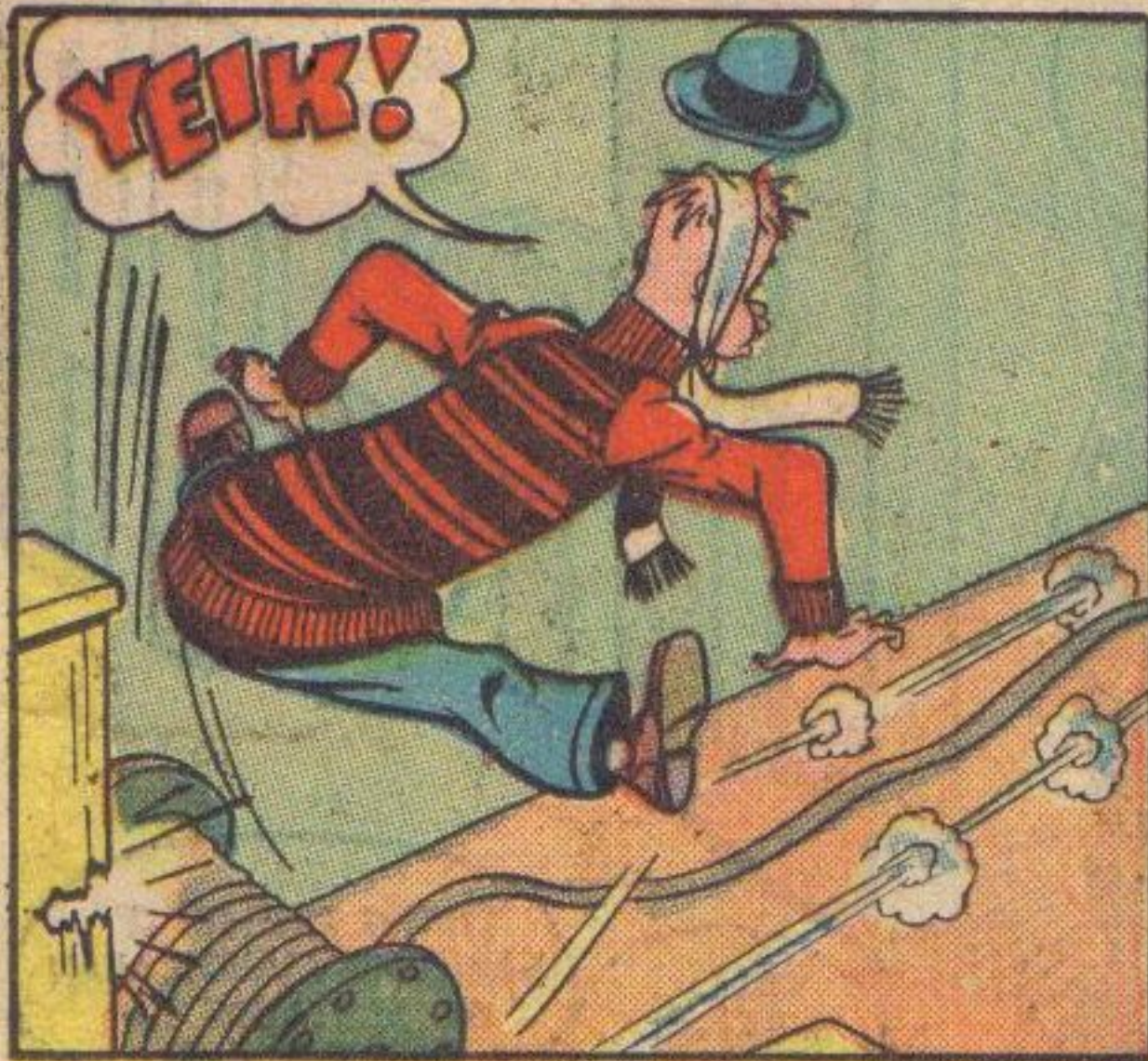
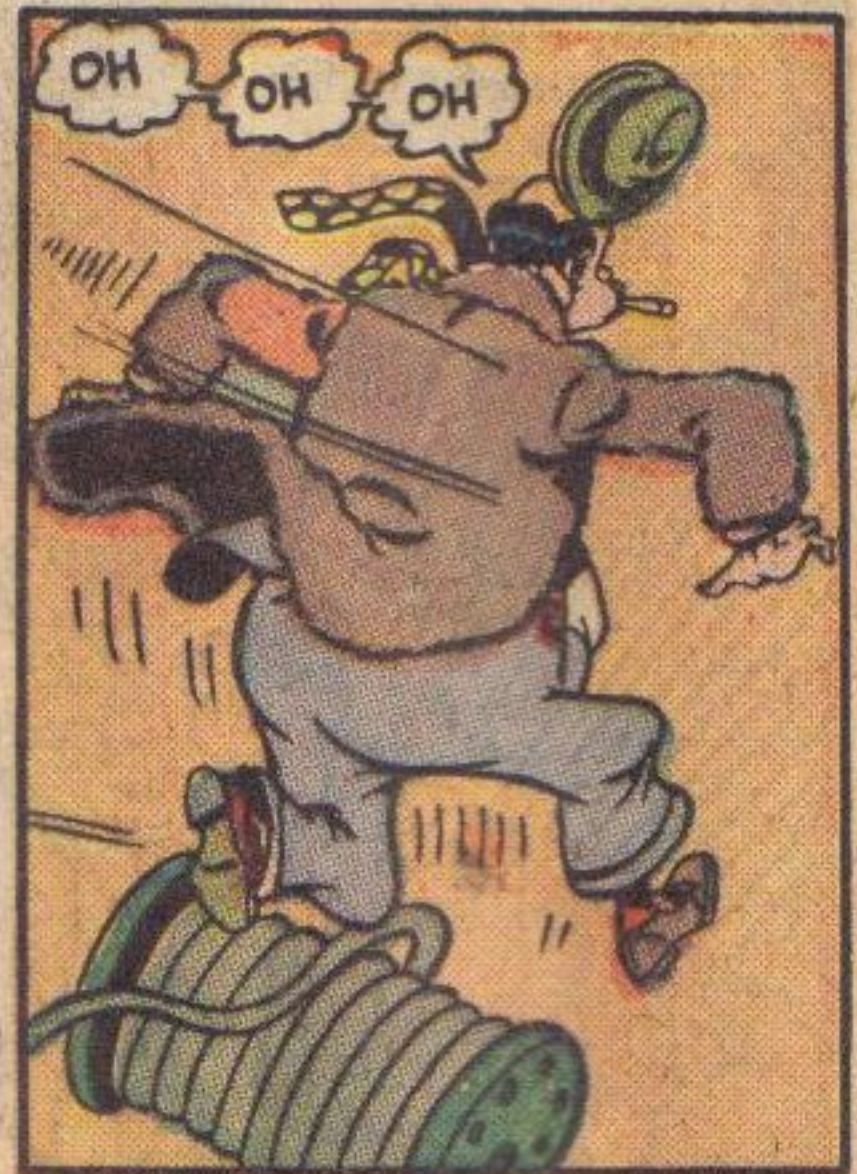
WHO WAS  
THAT?

WILL  
BRAGG,  
I GUESS!

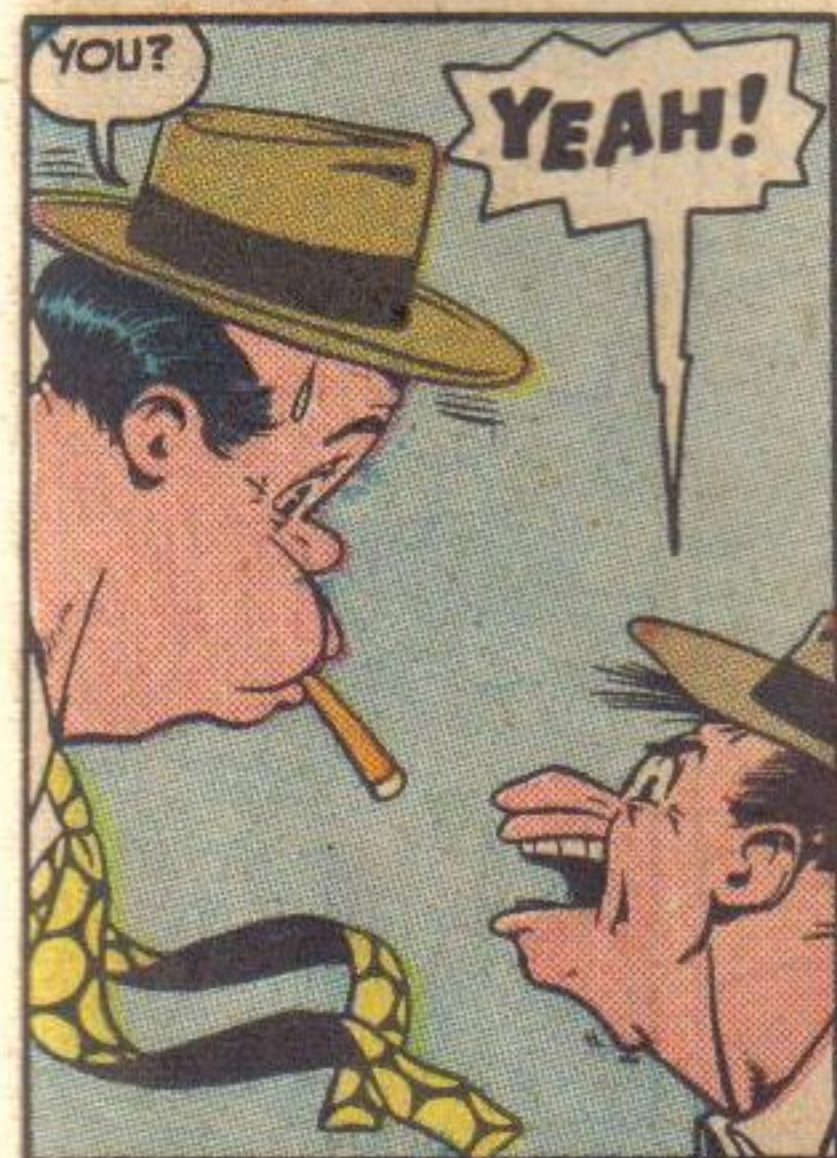
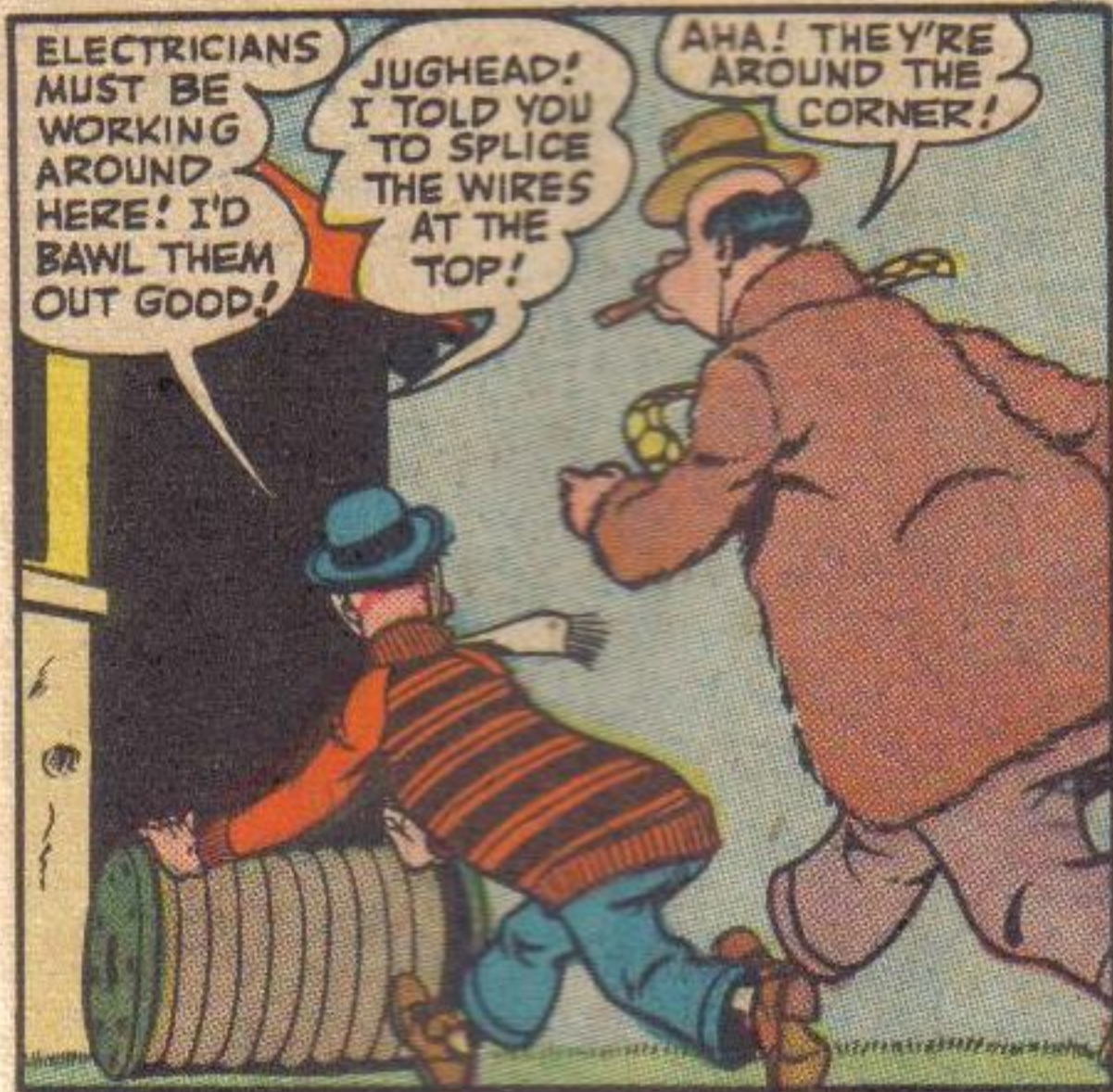
THAT'S RIGHT! I  
SAW MRS. MAHOULAHAN  
GO UPSTAIRS TO  
COLLECT HIS  
RENT!

SWISH-H-H

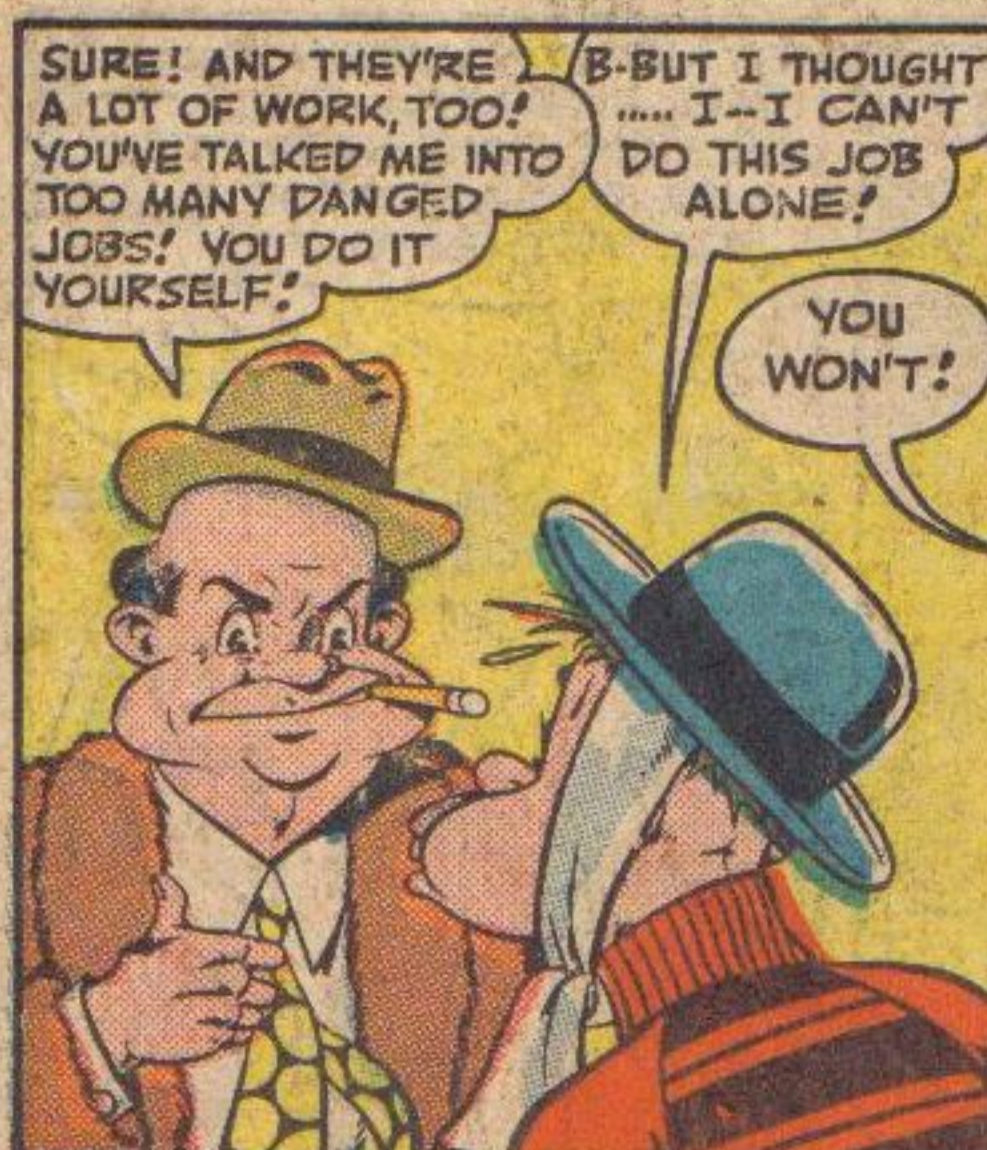
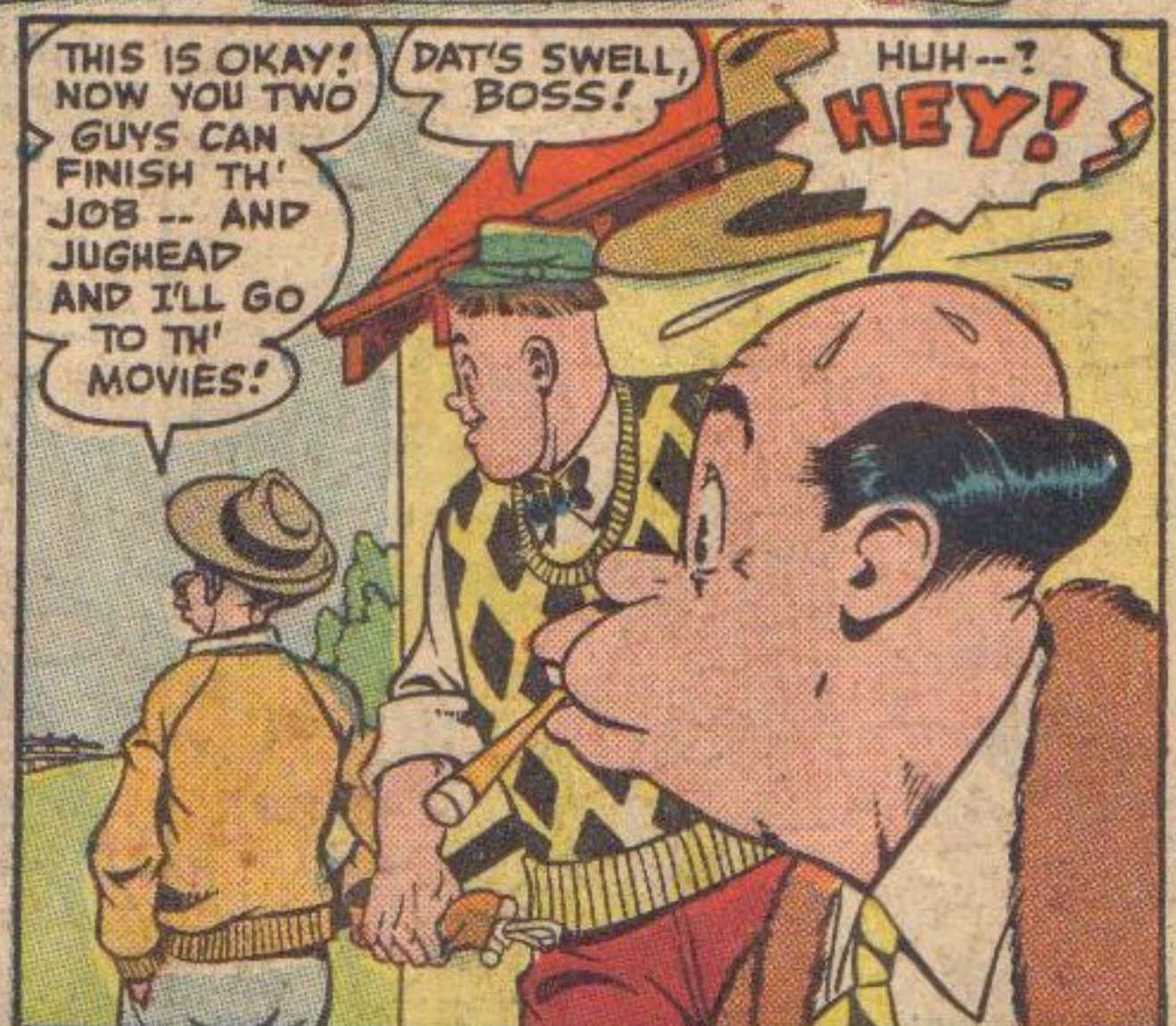
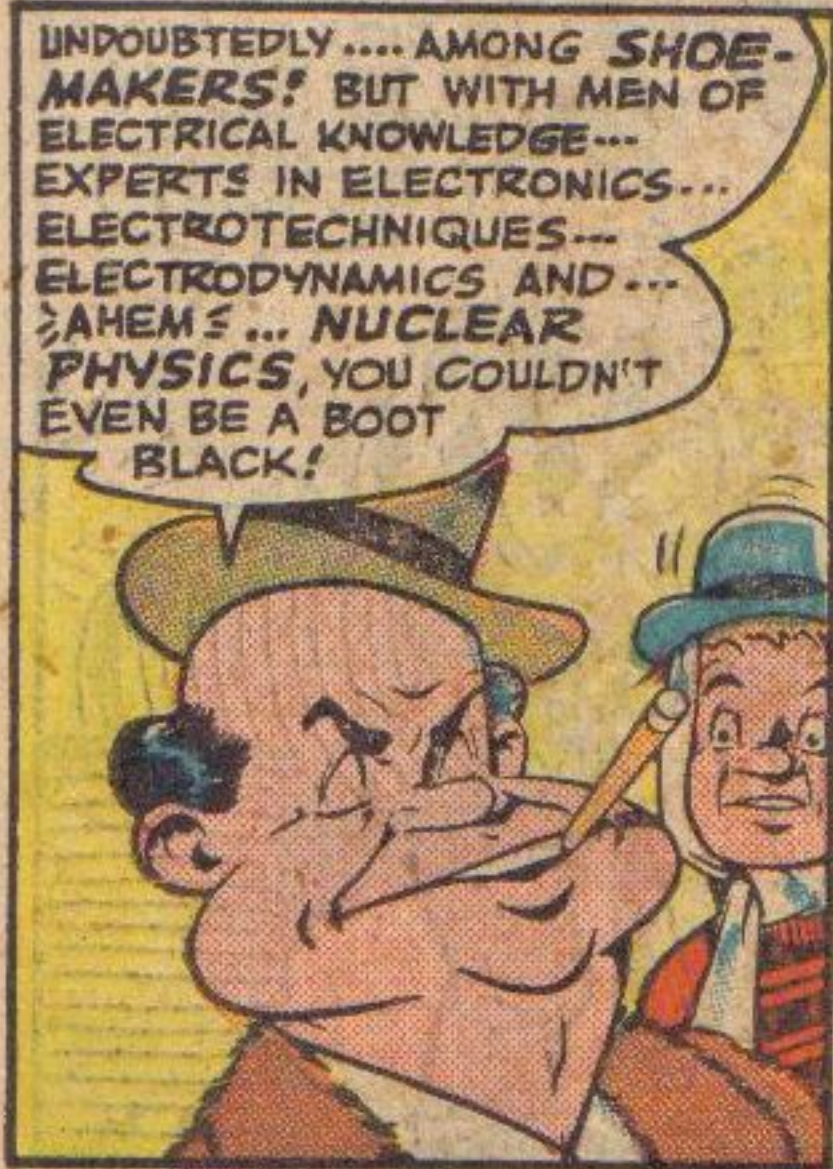




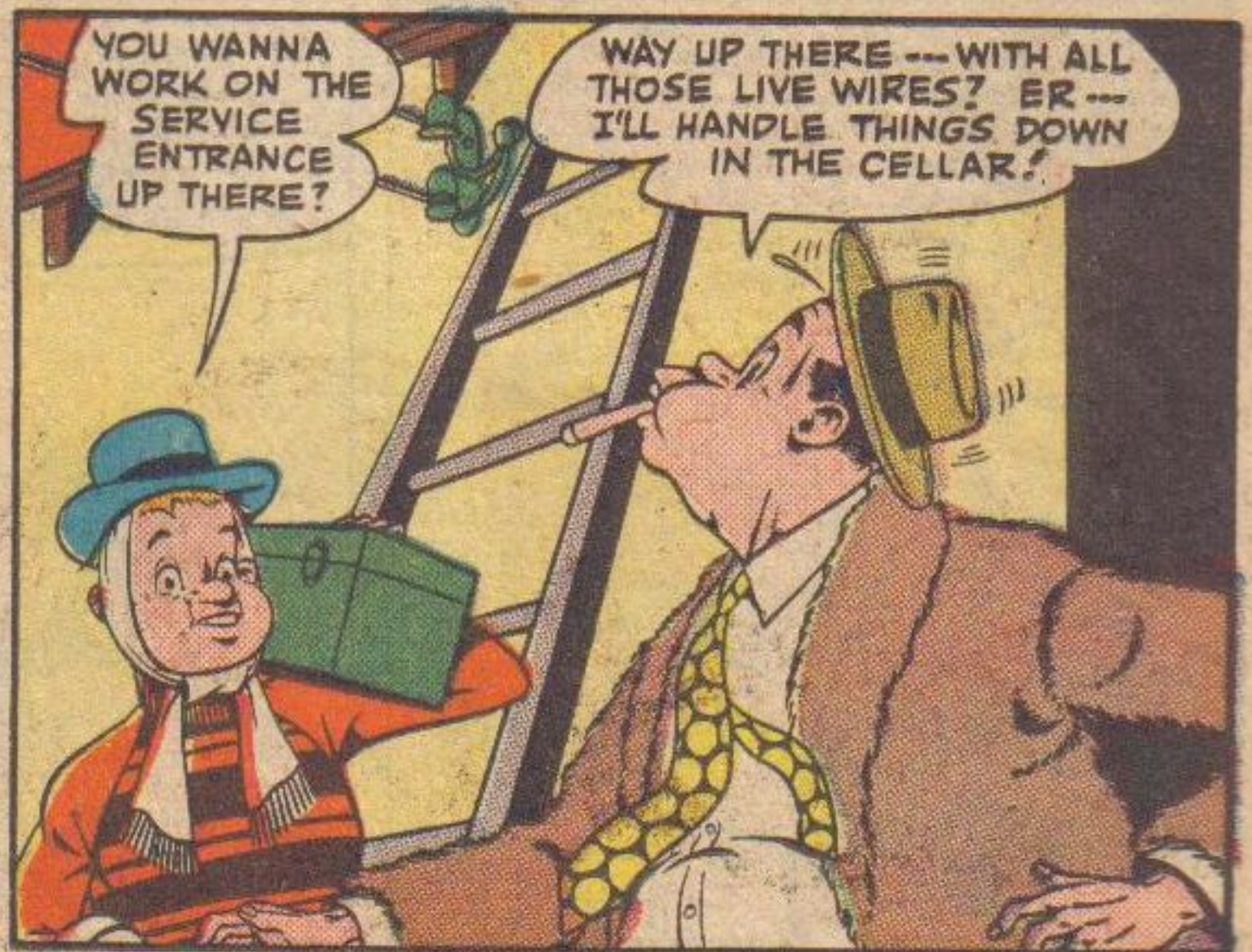




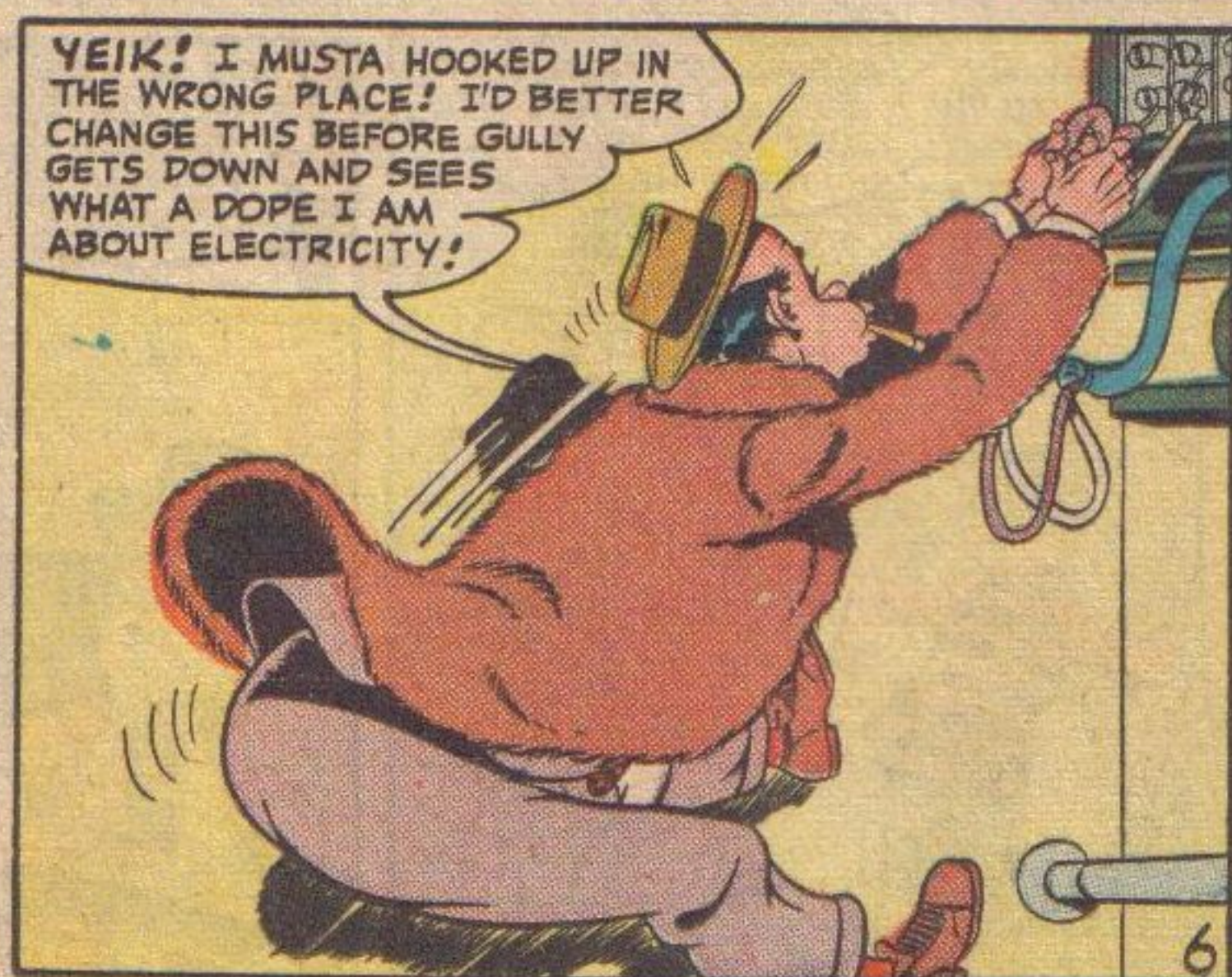
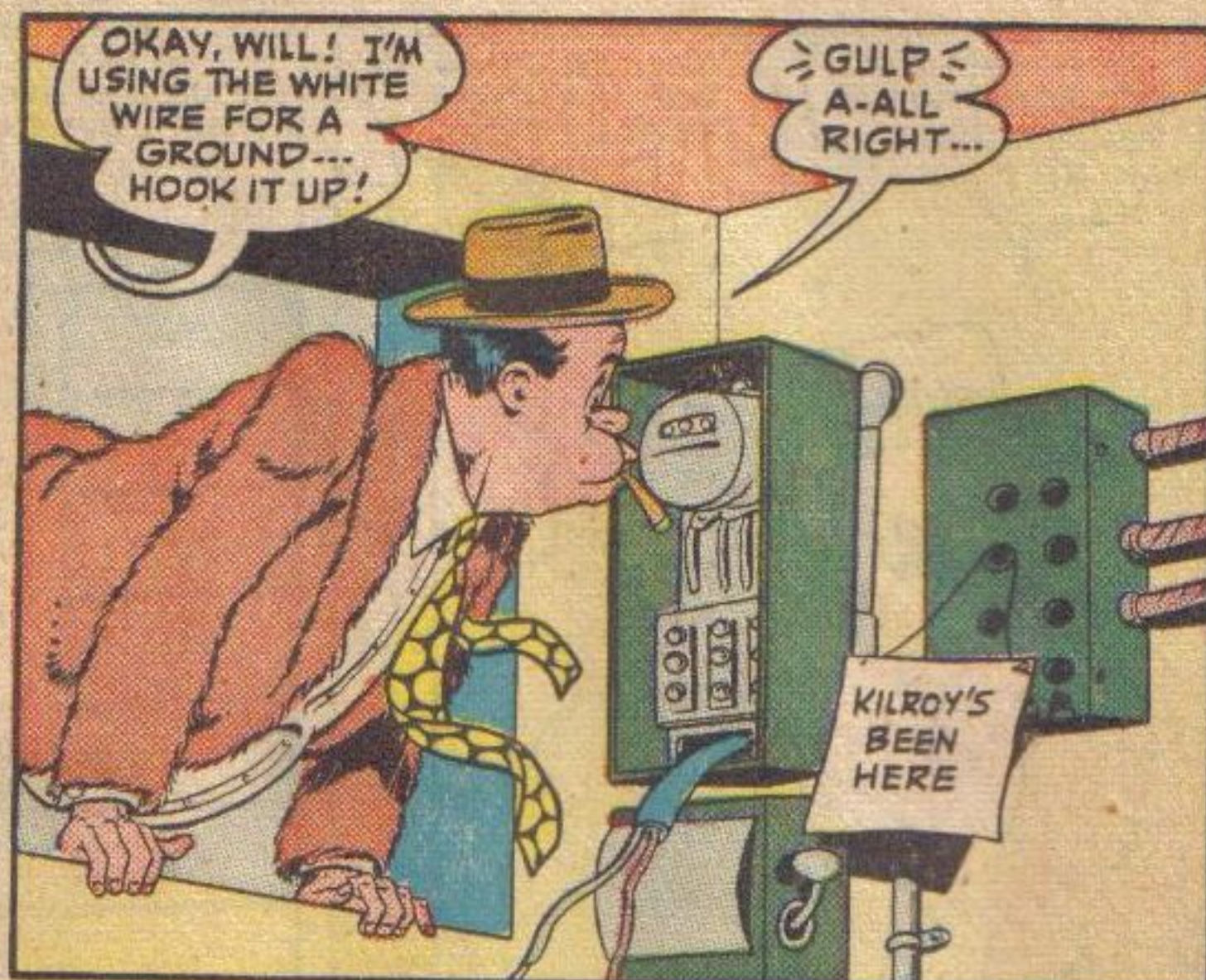




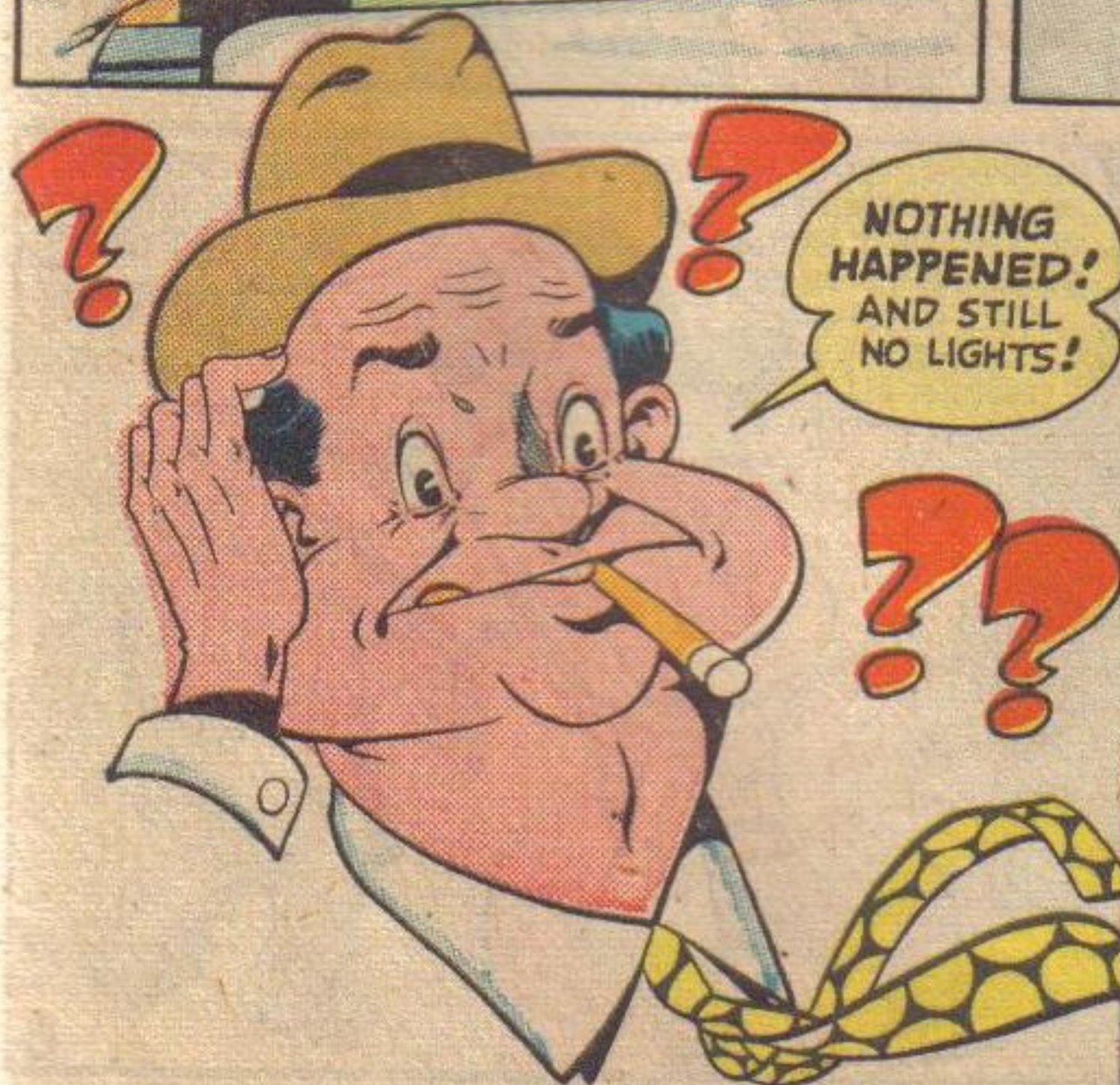
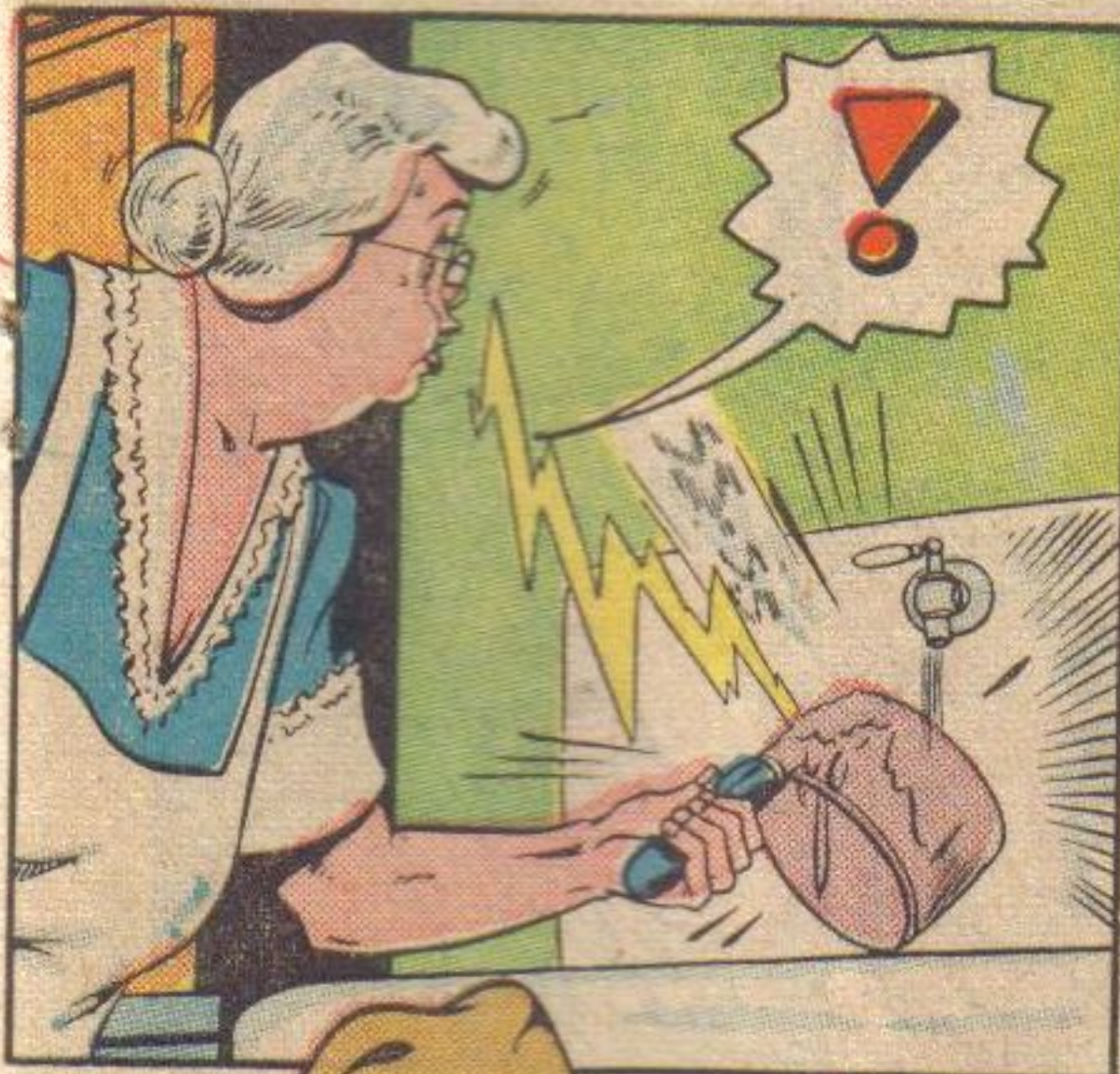
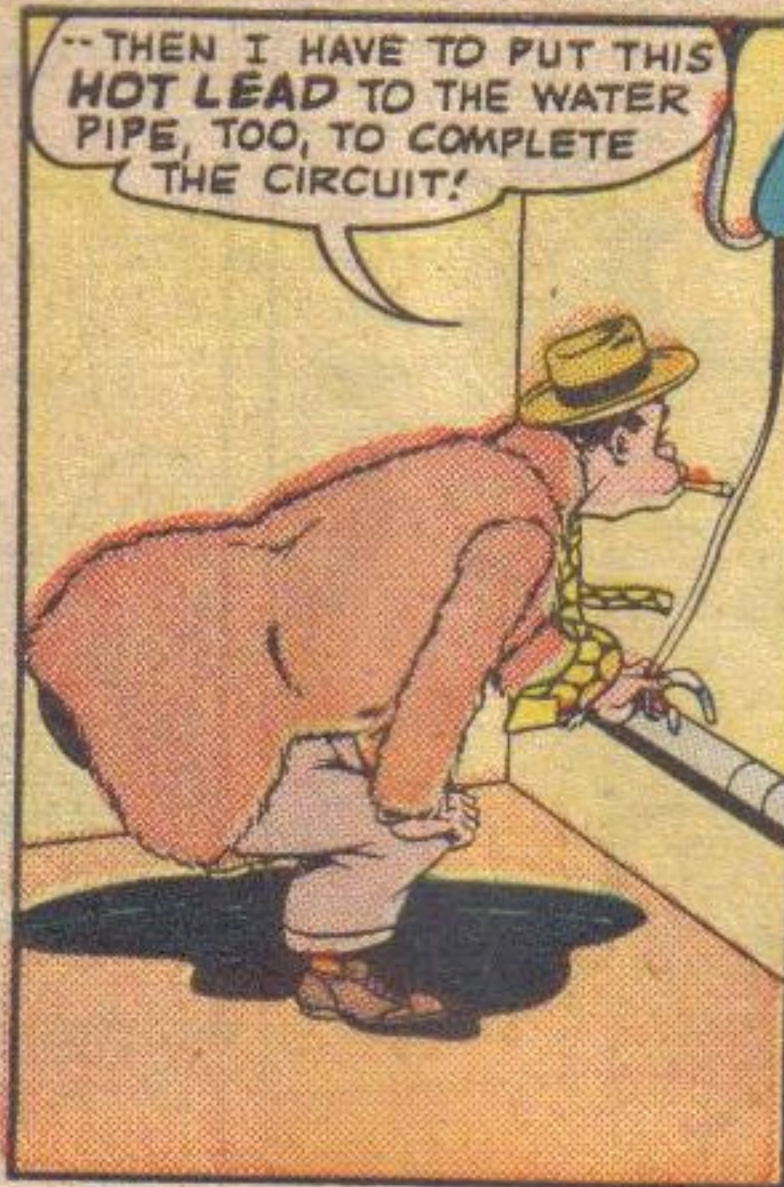




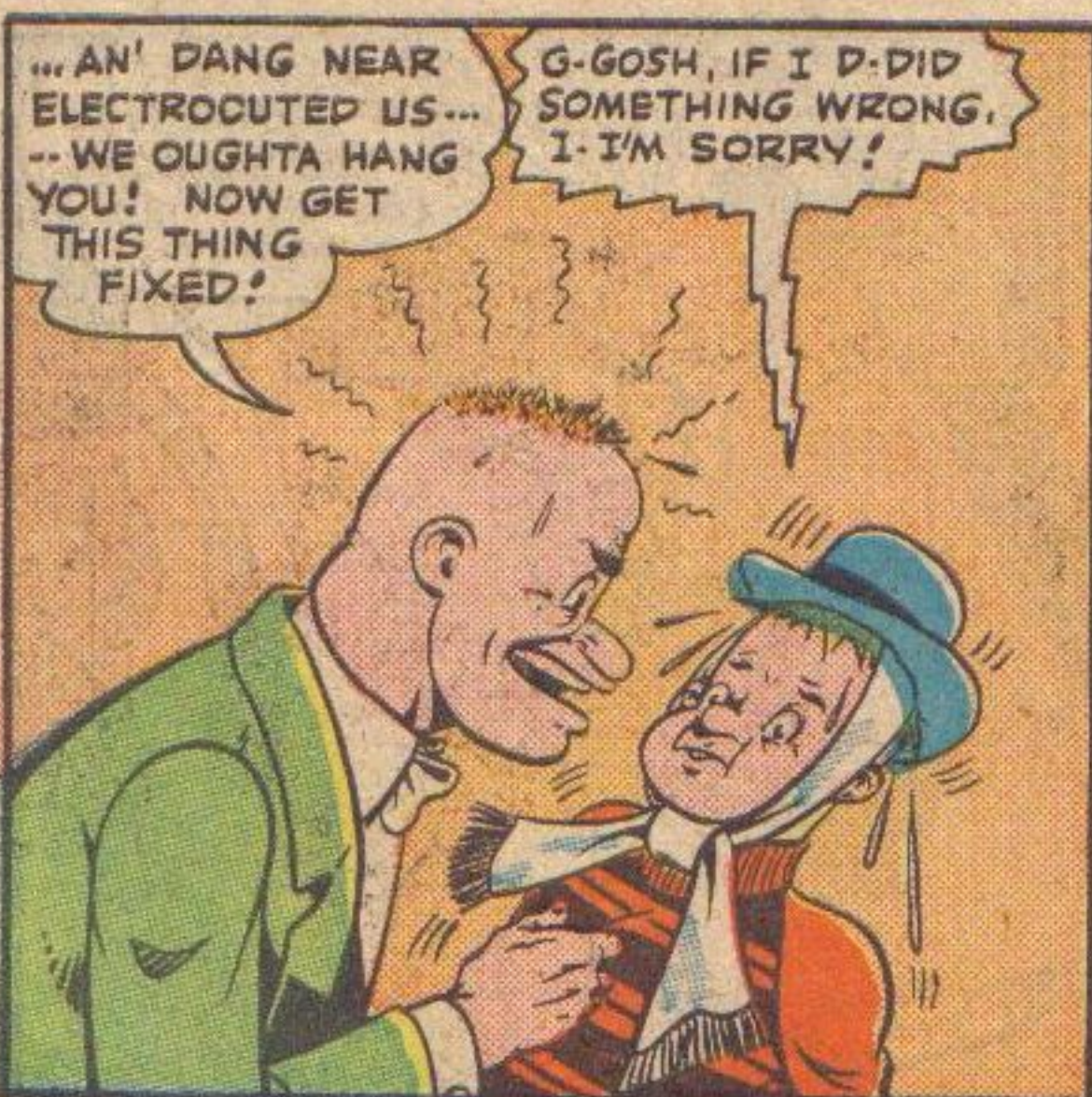
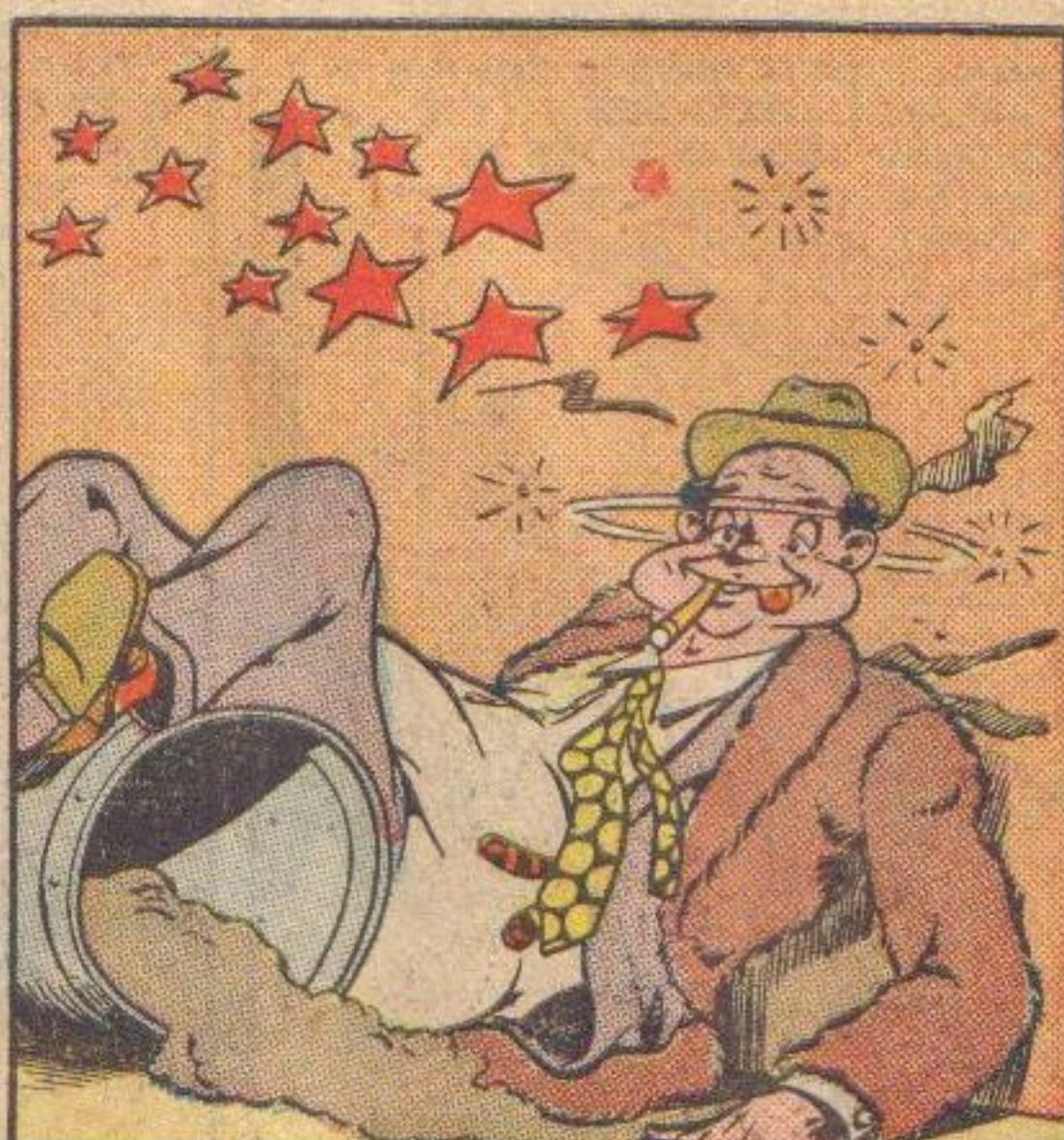
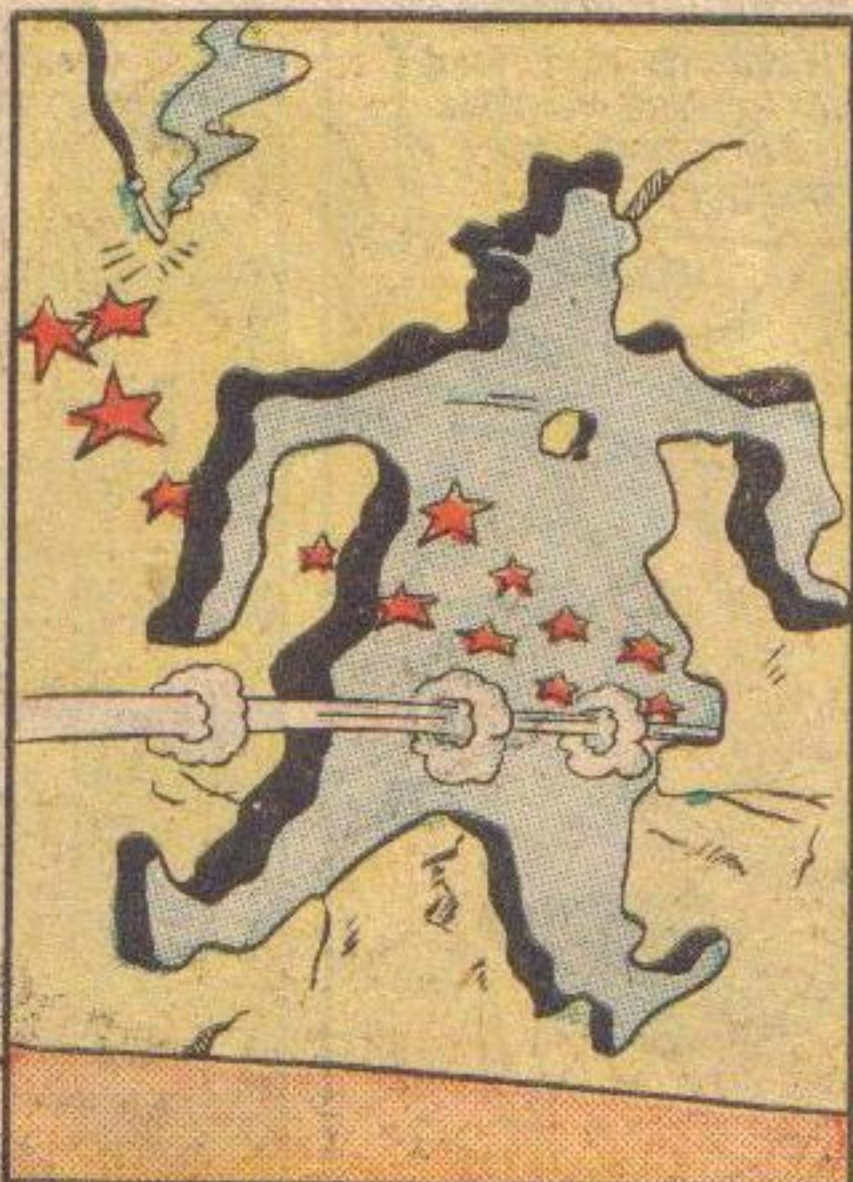




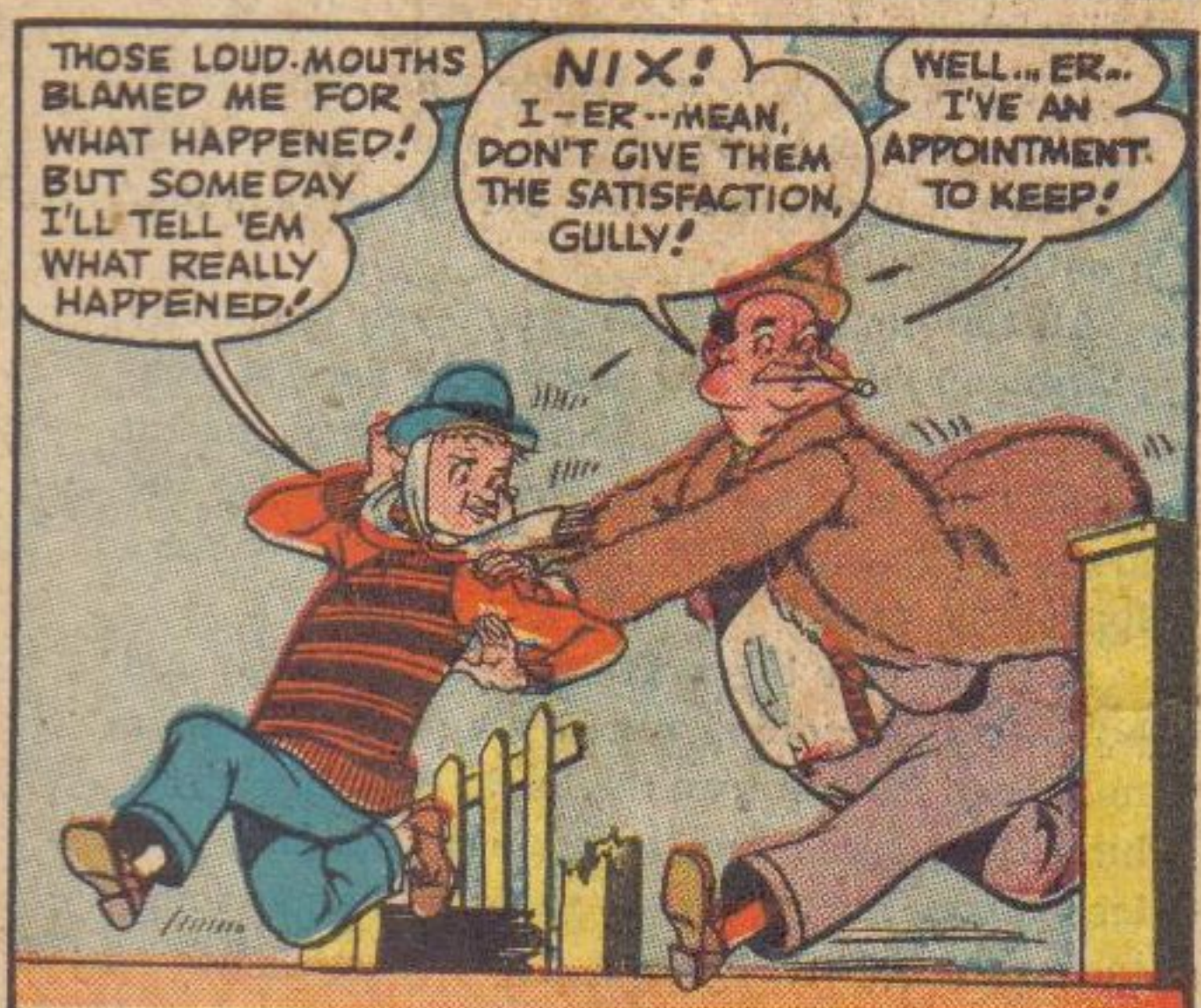














# STRANGE FRIENDS

**T**HE buck raced along the wooded trail like a lightning bolt, seeming to cover the ground in leaps that actually didn't make earthy contact. Behind him padded a huge wolverine, nostrils flared, eyes flaming, great fangs gleaming as his tongue slavered. Fresh meat! Juicy buck!

The wolverine hadn't eaten in two days and he was starved. The terrible storm had chased all the game far to the south. Now in all his vast domain there didn't seem to be a single living thing. He had to have food. Now!

The streams were all frozen with many inches of ice. It wasn't possible to break that sheath and flip fish out, like one did in the summer months.

All the birds had flown, too, even the hardy ptarmigan which could endure the fiercest weather without worrying. Mink and otter, martin and sable, all had gone, driven south by the great storm that had raged over the tundra for many days.

And now the big wolverine, his sides flat and hollow, was padding like a gray streak after a fine meal. He'd outrun the buck. He'd hamstring him. He'd catch him trapped in a hollow and leap upon him, burying those two-inch fangs in the fat neck.

The buck still raced along, skimming bushes and other obstructions as if they weren't there. And not far behind him raced the wolverine, cagiest animal in the forest.

Who would win the race?

The buck was tiring. Streamers of smoke plumed from his wide nostrils and his breath came in wheezing gasps. The wolverine panted easily. He could keep up this pace for many miles.

Suddenly the wolverine's ears twitched and shot erect. From far ahead had come a sound that caused his heart to beat faster than his twinkling feet. Yelping. Yowling. High whining yowls.

He saw the deer suddenly lower his head and come to a pawing stop. Then from the bushes, long, lean gray bodies shot toward him.

Wolves! A dozen of them leaped at the heavy buck, who tossed them on his horns, stamped the hard-packed snow and bleated as more wolves came in for the kill.

The wolverine slunk low, sneaked ahead and watched. No. Those blasted wolves cheat him out of his dinner? They wouldn't! But then he had only to wait until they had drowned the buck and then he'd flash in and make short work of them.

He paused. Making short work of a pack of starving wolves was no task for a single wolverine. Once he had been surrounded by only four wolves, and had been hard put to it to wiggle free. No, they weren't to be trifled with—especially when half starved, as they certainly were.

The buck fought like a veteran of many wolf battles. With a great toss of his head he'd heave a wolf twenty feet, then he'd leap forward and gore it terribly with his mighty horns. But all this time other wolves were ripping at his neck, at his flanks, at his hocks.

Suddenly the wolverine saw that the buck was fighting a losing game. If that buck lost, the wolves would instantly eat him, tear him to pieces; then what would he—the wolverine—do for food?

He did it so abruptly that the wolves were caught off balance. He slashed in like a gray bolt.

At his first leap he caught a wolf and tore its throat out. The hot blood gushed over his head, partially blinding him. But it tasted warm and good to him. He shook his great head and leaped again, just as two gray shadows were making for him.

He caught one by the throat and shook. Another burst of rushing red blood. Then he had the other one by the breast, gnawing, worrying it. He heard the breast bone crunch in his powerful teeth.

And then he found that all the wolves were either killed or else had slunk off to lick their wounds. He looked at the big buck, who was down on his front legs licking a gaping wound



in his foreleg.

The wolverine licked his chops. Deer!

Then the deer looked up and saw his deadly enemy. He tried to rise, bleated timorously and remained in his strange position. He shook his great head and a broken antler rattled. His eyes were wide, staring, fearful.

Something happened within the brain of the vicious wolverine. Here was his age old enemy, down. Now, indeed, the buck was fair prey for wolves—even a single wolf could take him in this condition. He padded across the red stained snow close to where the buck licked his wound. Then he sat down and watched, tongue slaver-ing. A soft moan issued from his heavy throat. The deer looked at him. And now the great eyes had lost some of their fear.

The buck bleated softly, tried again to rise, and this time made it. But he wobbled and staggered.

The wolverine grunted and moaned. The buck lowered his head and bleated, his eyes searching his enemy's glaring green orbs. But there was no hate now in the wolverine's gaze. Only mystification.

Slowly, painfully the buck began limping out of the glade. And behind him padded the furry wolverine, sniffing at the dainty tracks and moaning occasionally.

Thus for miles the two trotted through the forest, exchanging bleats for moans and grunts.

And so, many weeks went by—and the buck and his enemy, the wolverine, plodded the trails together, the best of friends. Now they faced their common enemies together, one with lowered head and sharp horns; the other with slashing fangs. And they were the masters of the woods.

Never had either seen a white man, and only a few Indians. But one day they came upon a new track in the snow. It was a strange track, with a clearly defined heel and large sole. Not a mocassin track. A white man's track!

Being the taller, the buck spied the man first, from afar. He was carrying a long rifle and over his shoulder dangled and rattled several steel traps. Far in the distance the deer could see a strange white thing—a tent. A trickle of smoke curled up from it.

He conveyed the information to the wolverine who crouched behind him. The wolverine slunk ahead and peered through the bushes, catching a good look.

Always suspicious, the wolverine instantly detected danger in this man, in his rifle and in his traps. He told the buck that they'd keep away from this man. Hurriedly they turned and headed back the way they had come.

Several times during the following week they came across the white man's odd tracks. They sniffed at them and bounded away. Man was dangerous!

One day a tiny screaming missile, like a hornet, buzzed past the buck's head, fanning his ear with a whistling breeze. Immediately after that the crack of a rifle sounded some distance away.

With a great bound the deer cleared some brush and vanished. The wolverine slunk like a gray shadow in his wake. Yes, they'd have to be careful. The white man sent thunder and lightning at them.

Twice during the next few days that buzzing insect sounded close to the buck's head, to be followed by the angry thunder clap.

Then one day, quite some time after the last encounter with the noisy insect, the buck was trotting along a gloomy trail, head up, when he caught a most appetizing smell. It was such a smell as he hadn't smelled in ages, long ago when he had roamed the valleys far to the south, where wild fruits grew. And something else. He had smelled that smell once before, too. And he had eaten of both. Oh, how good they had tasted!

And now here were both tantalizing him. He lowered his head. The odor grew more powerful. He was getting closer to it. Then he saw it. A great handful of dry brown oats and on top of it half an apple.

What luck! Such food for a hungry deer! He had made one leap toward it, head down in anticipation, when the wolverine hit him a mighty blow in the side, knocking him almost to the ground. The beast shook his shaggy head, grunting and moaning.

For a moment the buck was angry, then he watched the wolverine grab a long branch in his mouth and approach the oats and apple. Carefully circling, he dragged the branch over the food. A great crash followed. A heavy framework tumbled down, just missing the wolverine. He leaped out of the way and stood back, eyeing the buck, as if to say, "There, stupid one. Always spring traps first and you'll never get caught in one!"



# CHOO CHOO

GOSH, CHOO CHOO, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SUCH A WEIRD STREET? IT'S ABSOLUTELY EMPTY! WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

HOW CAN YOU WONDER ABOUT AN EMPTY STREET WHEN WE HAVE SUCH EMPTY STOMACHS? OHHH!



IF WE DON'T FIND A JOB SOON ---

SHHH, CHOO CHOO! I--I THINK SOMEBODY'S COMING!



I'M GLAD I WALKED OUT ON THAT CHISELER HAL PARKER! I TOLD HIM THAT HE HAD TO TREAT ME LIKE A LADY --OR ELSE!

A L-LADY?

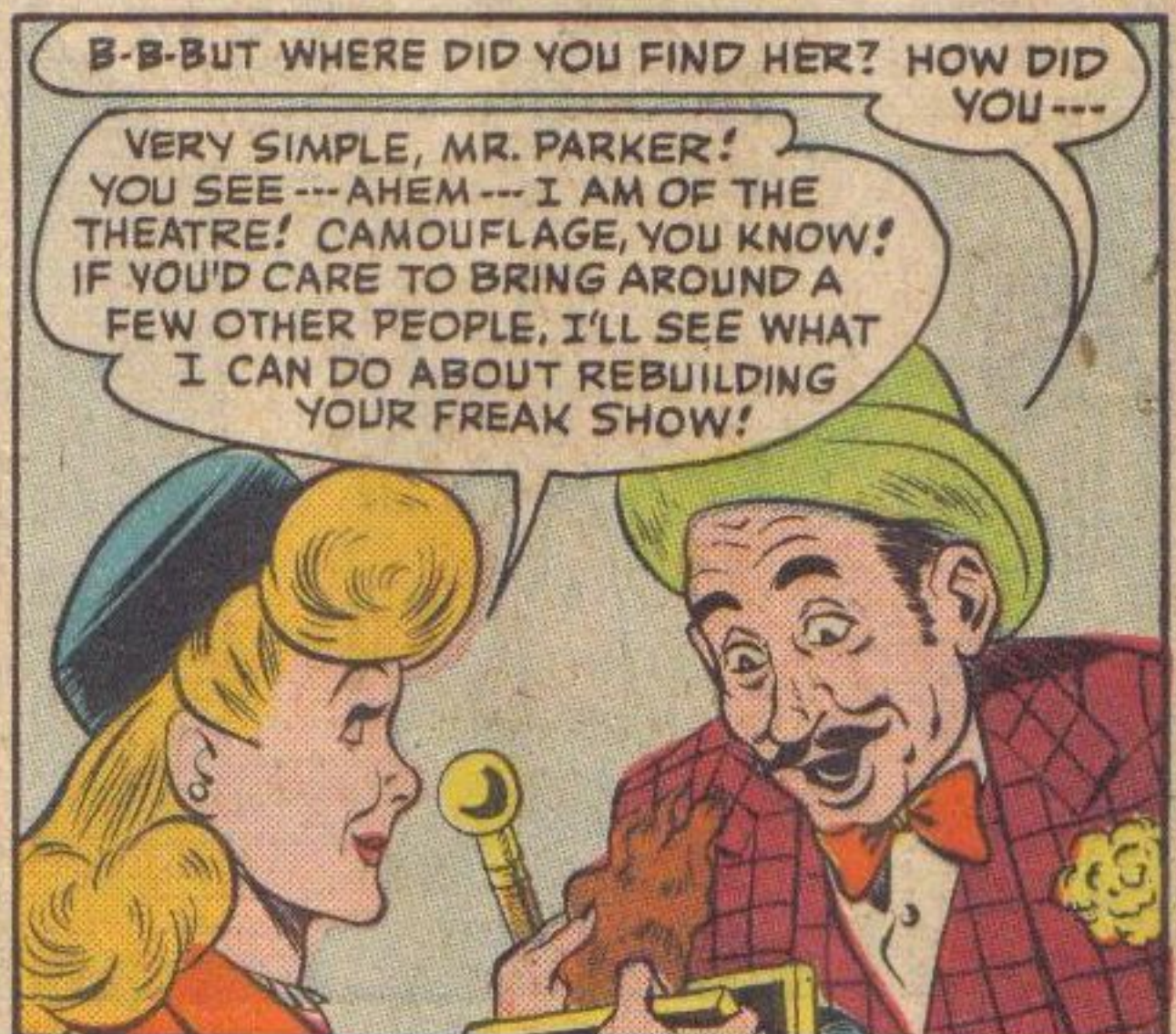
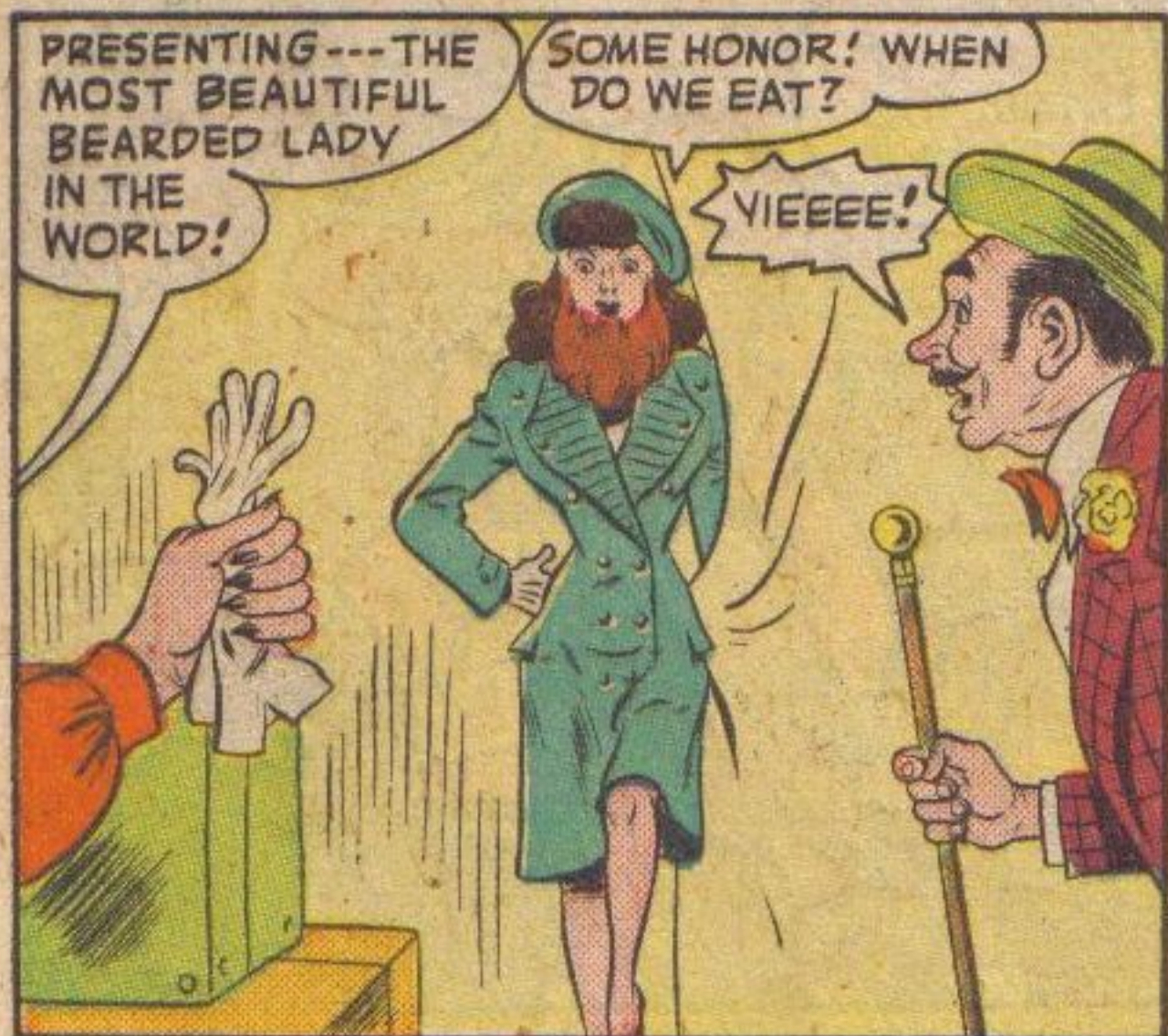
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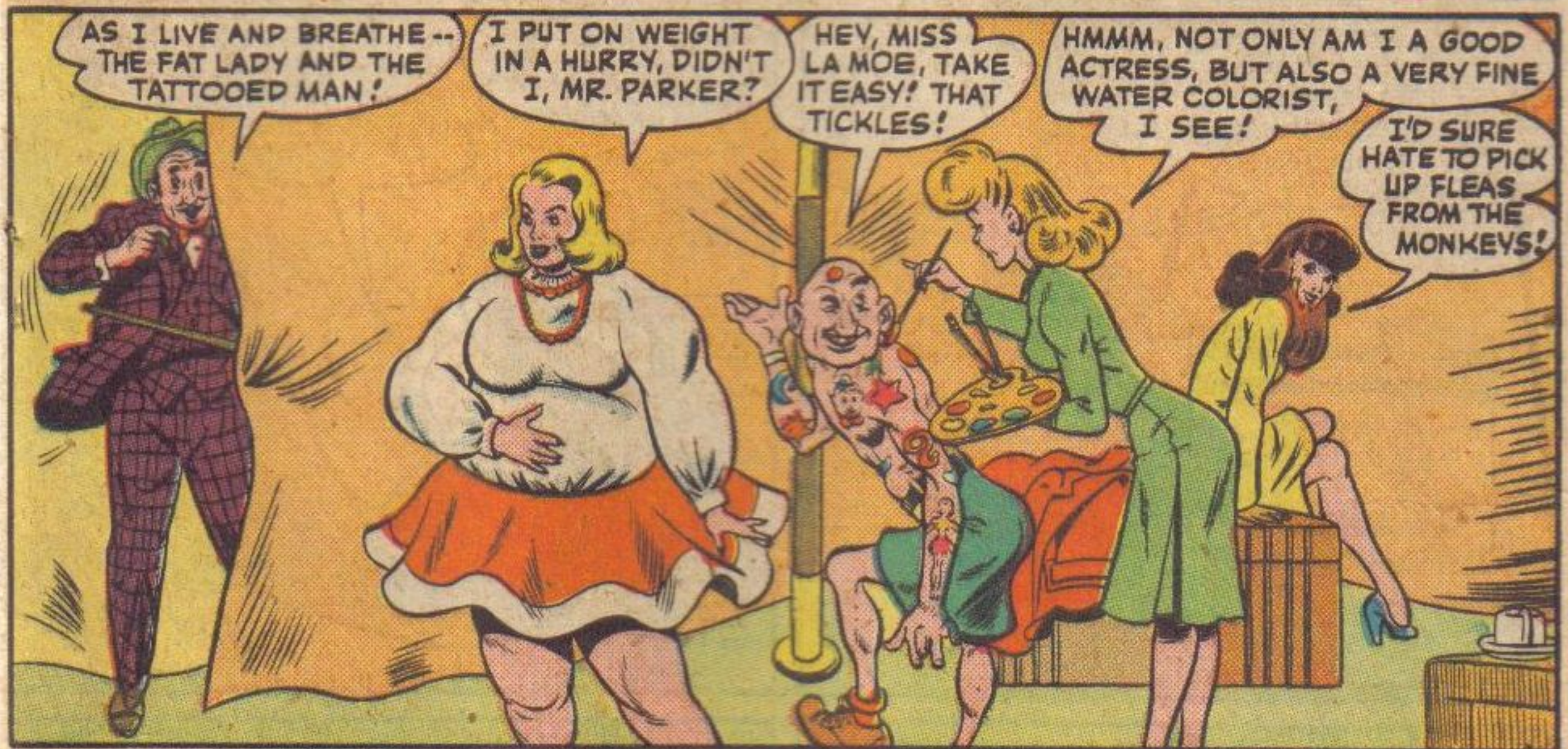




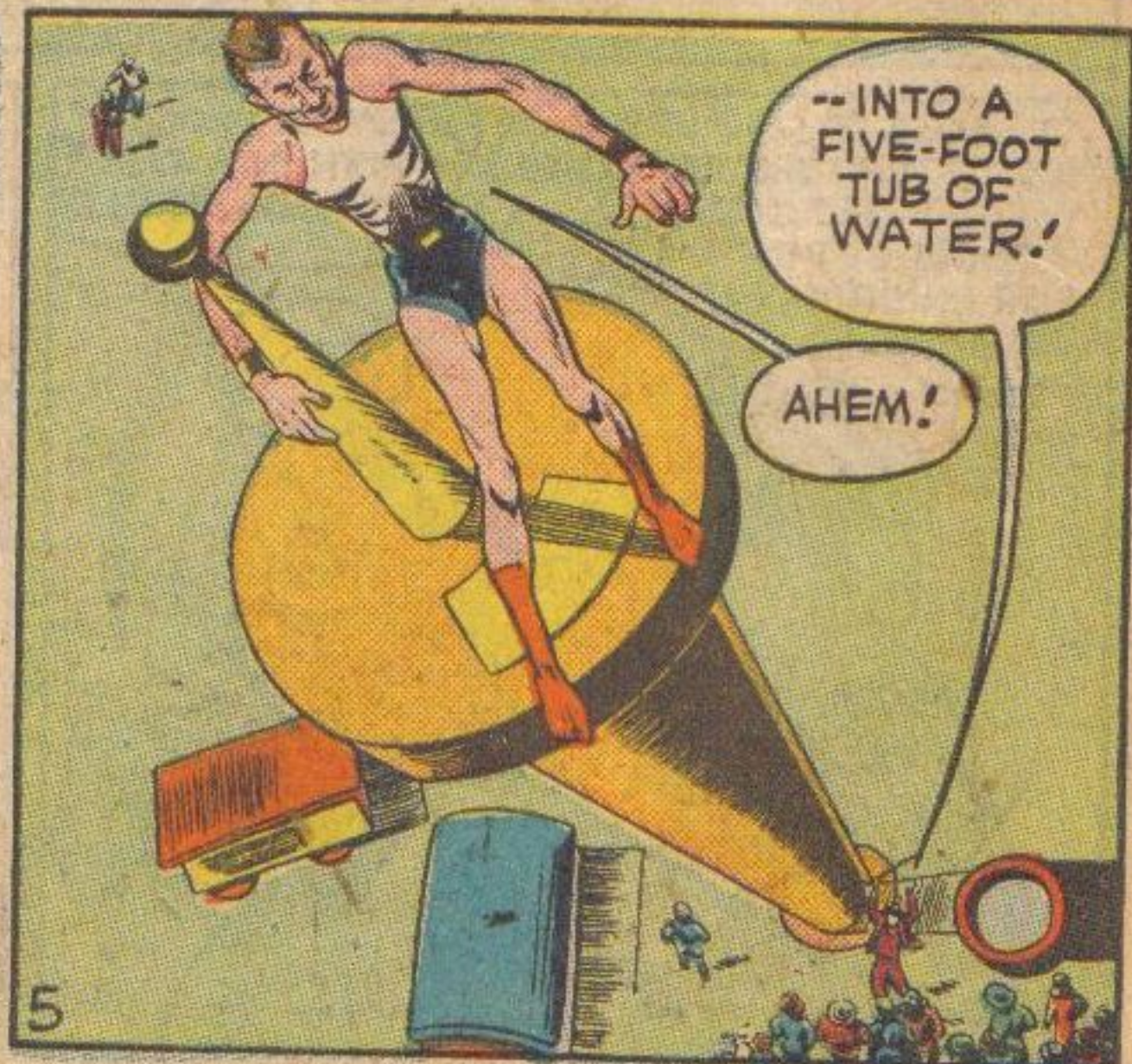
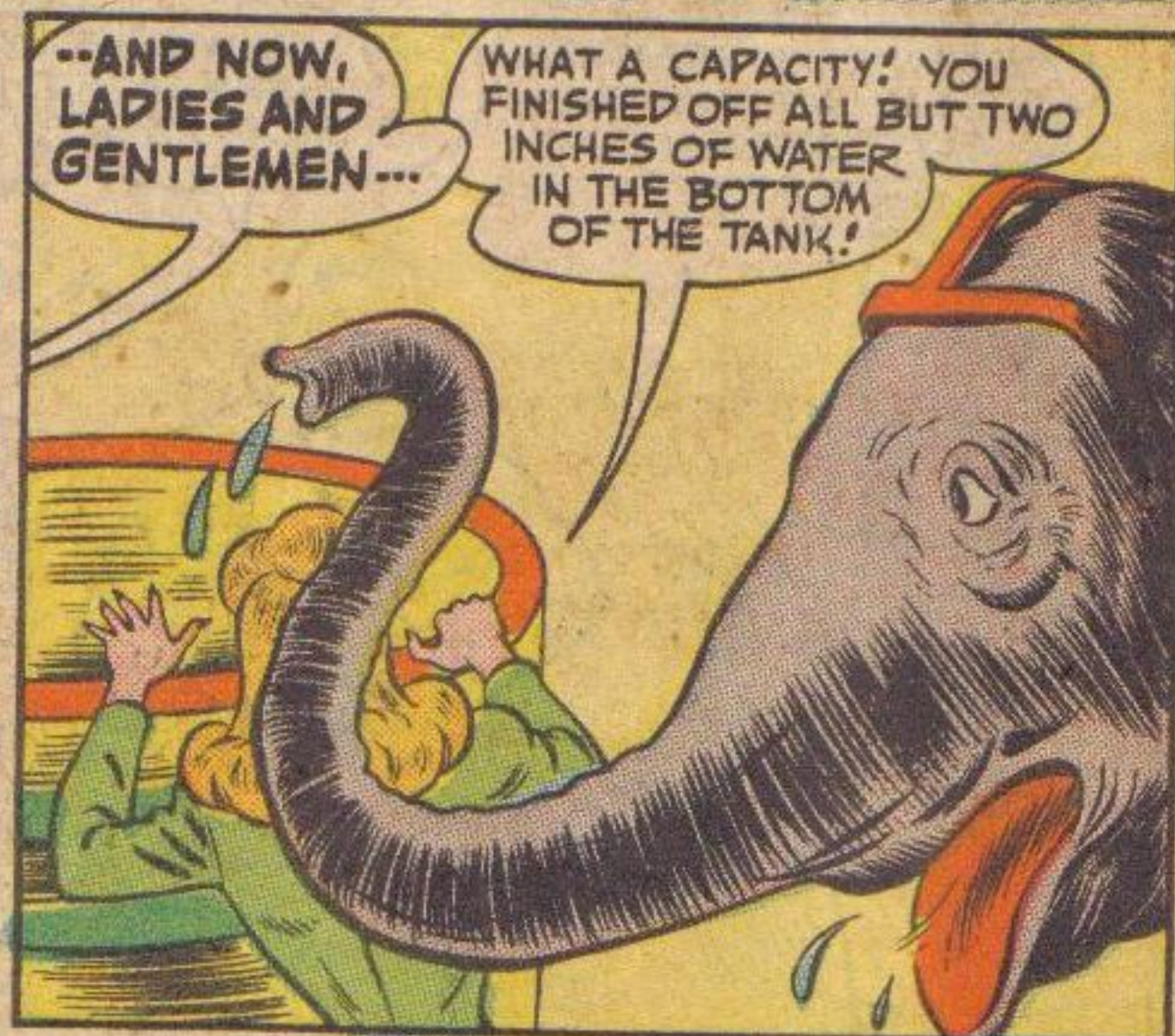








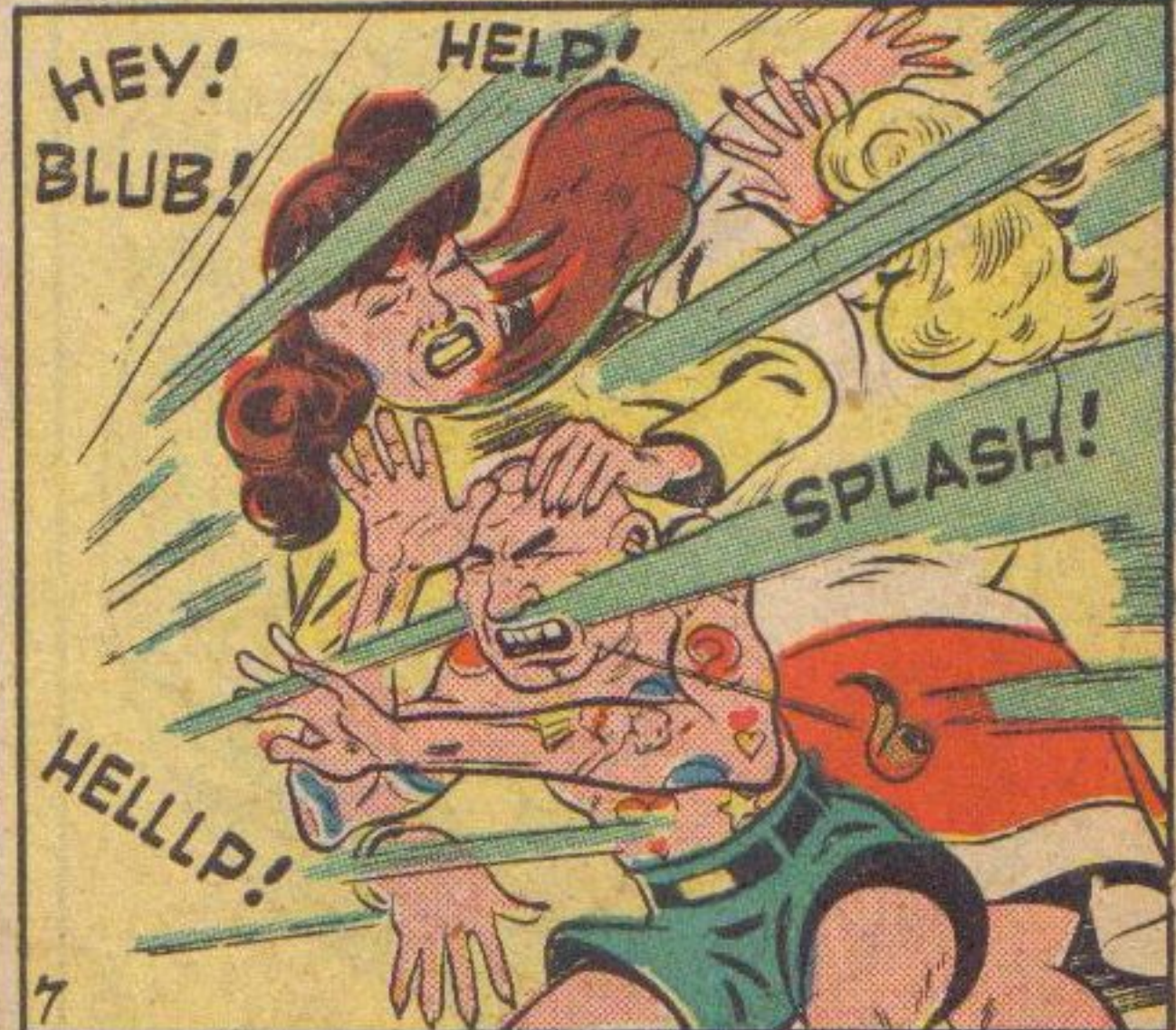
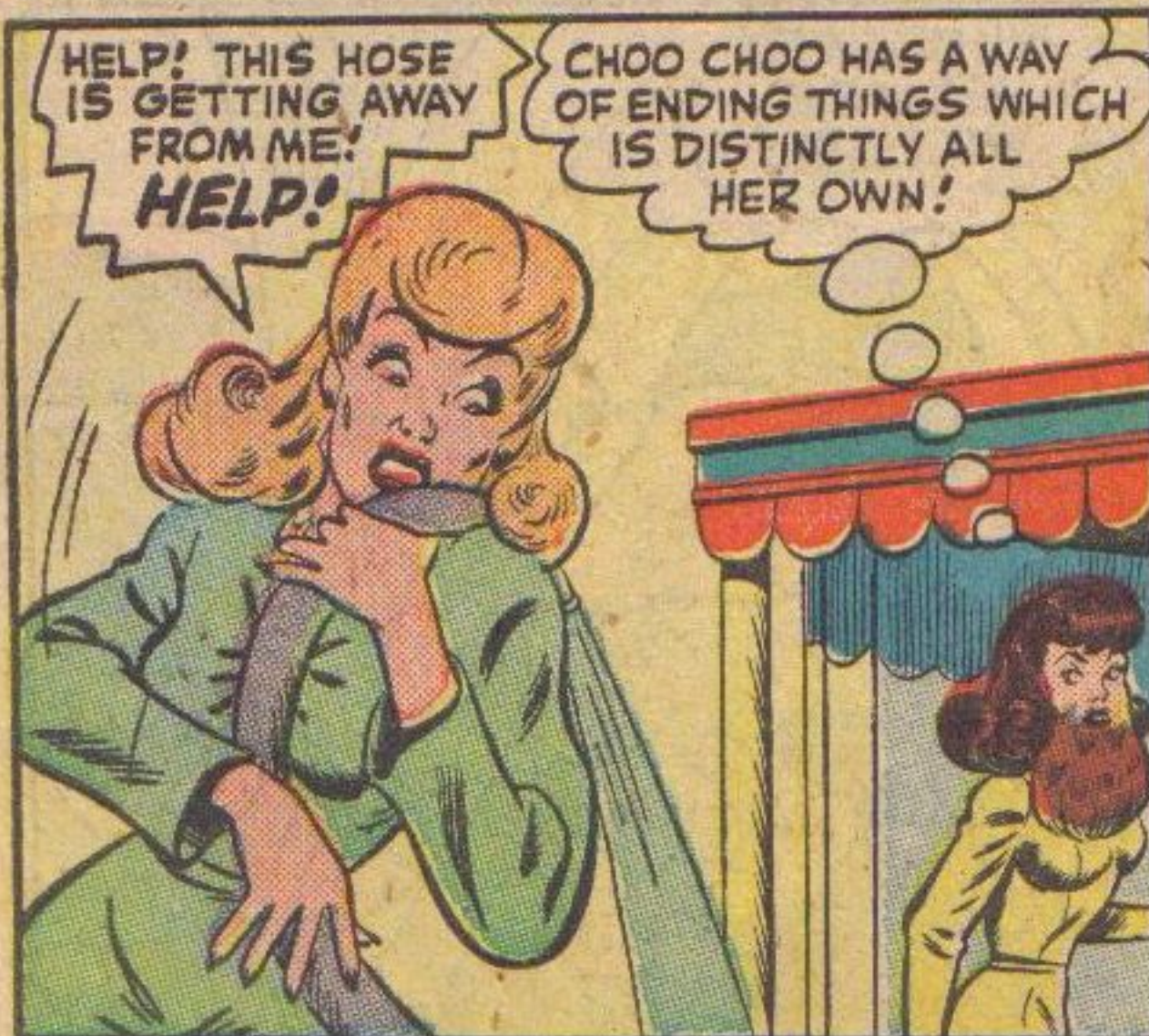
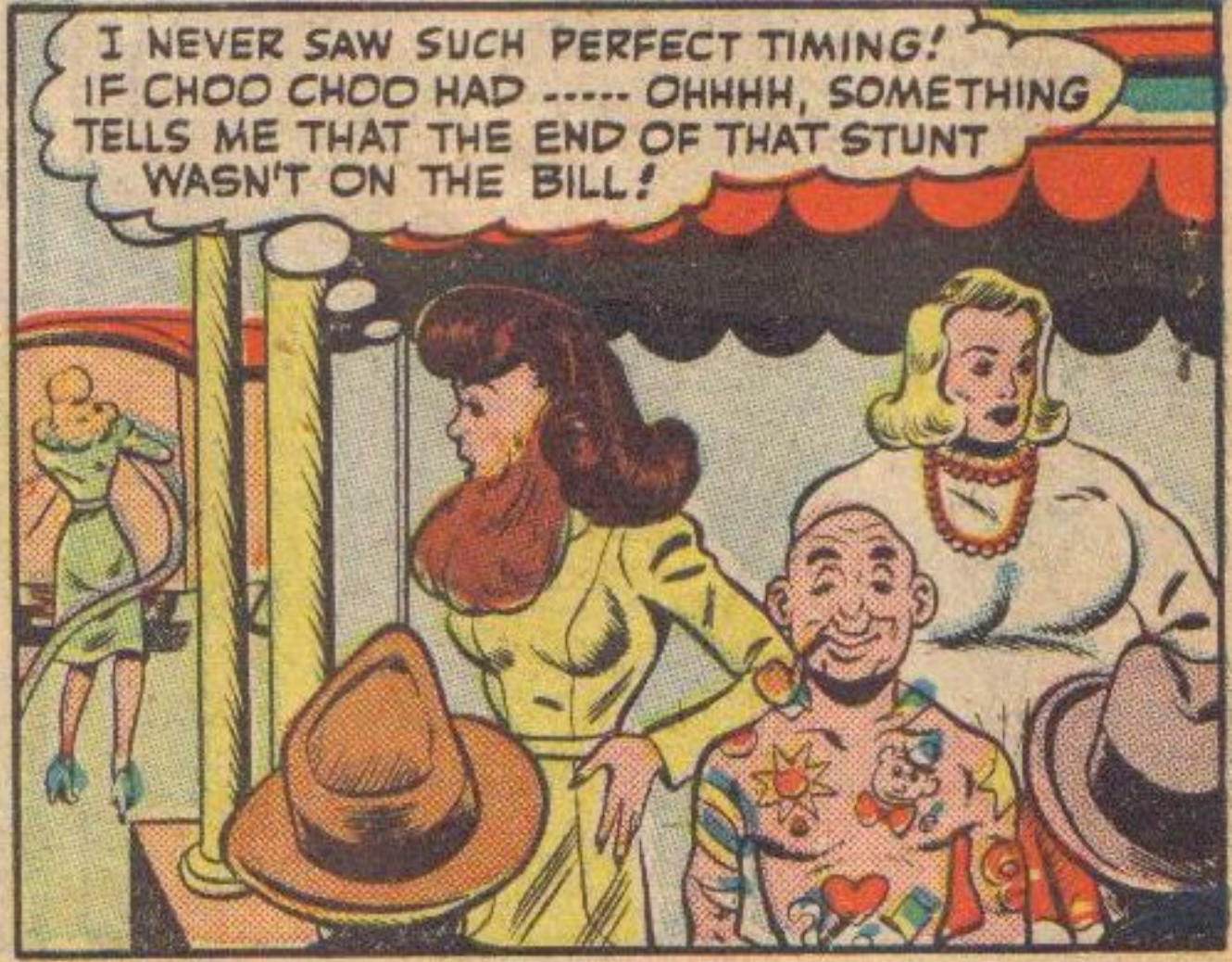




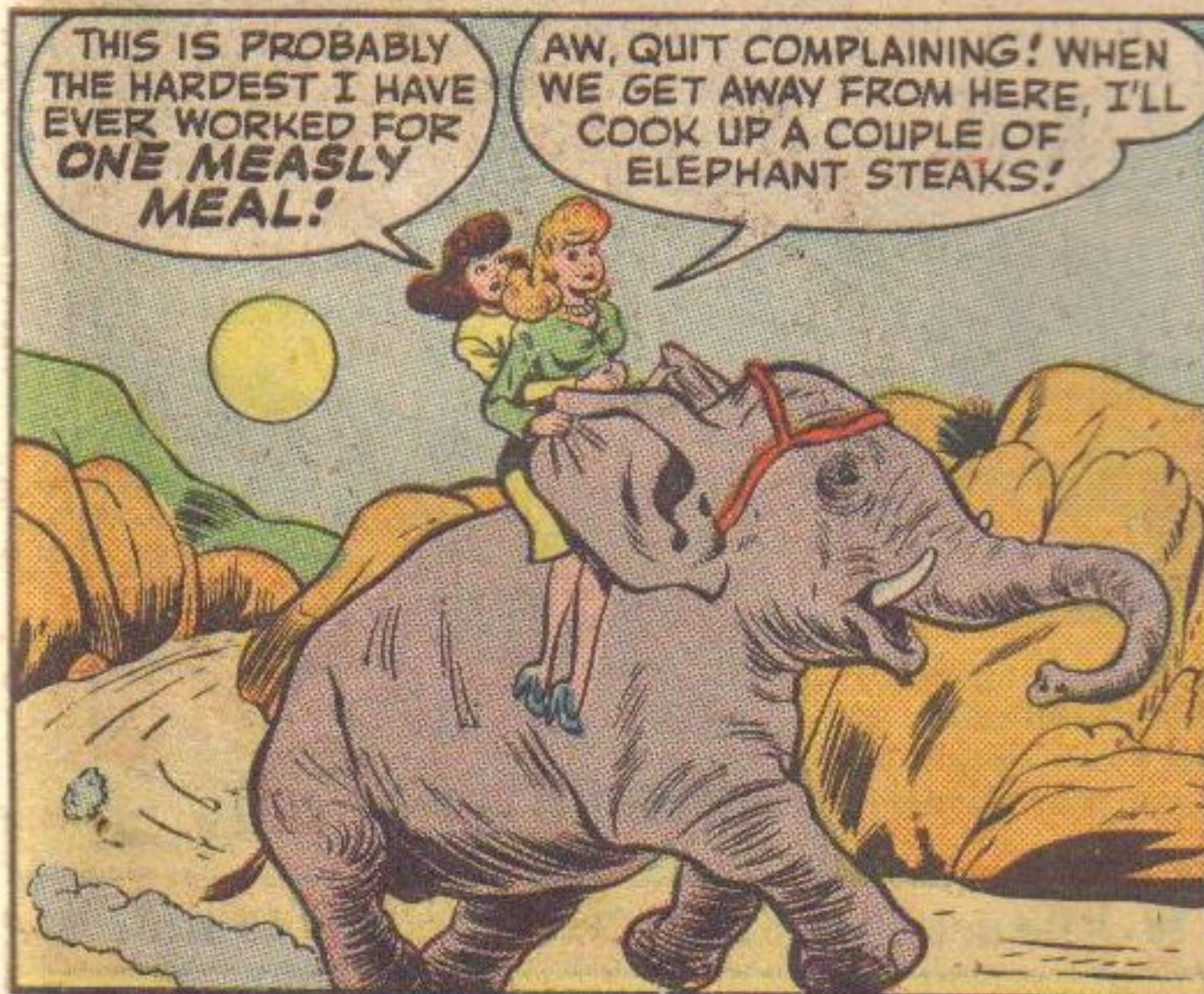










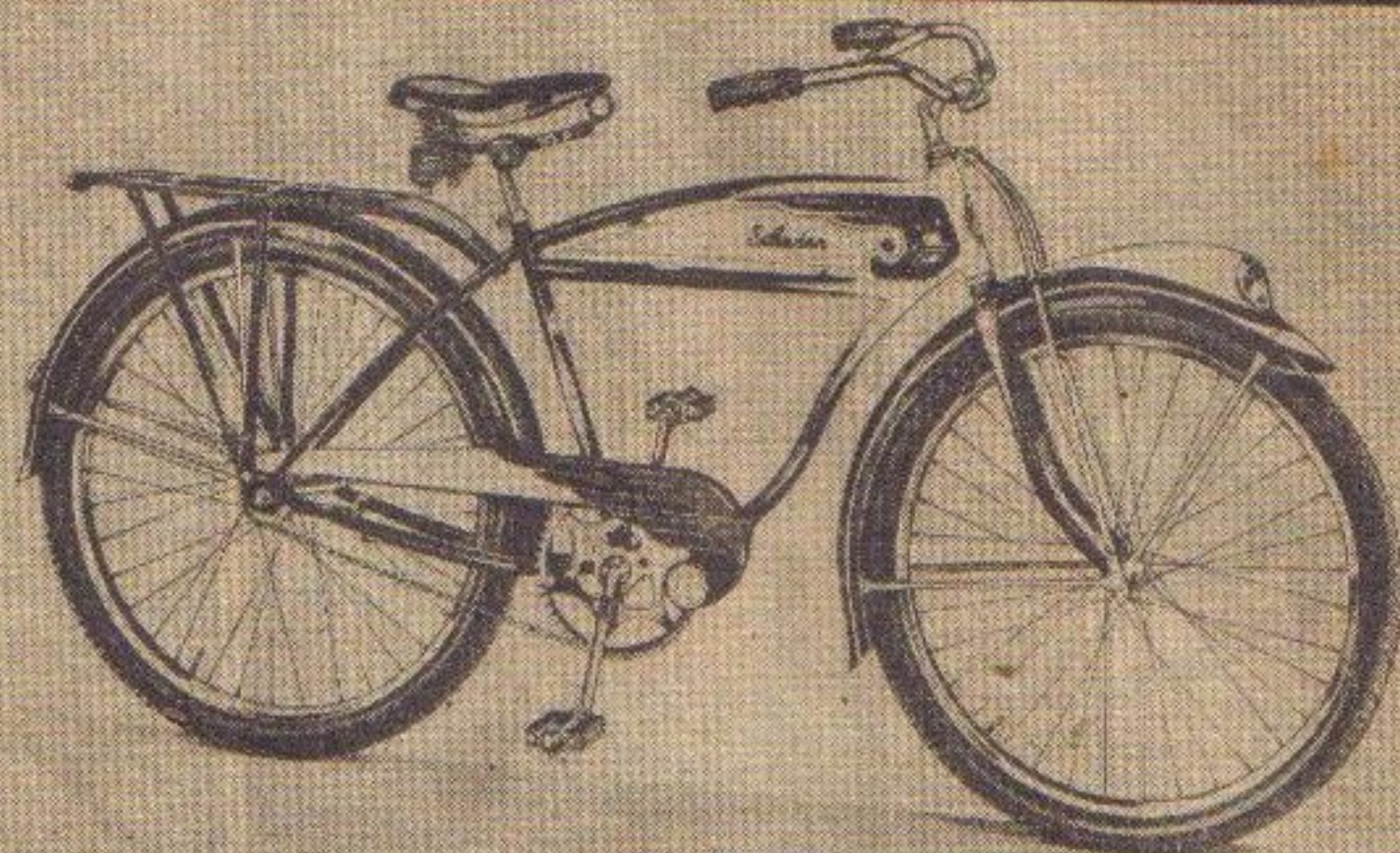




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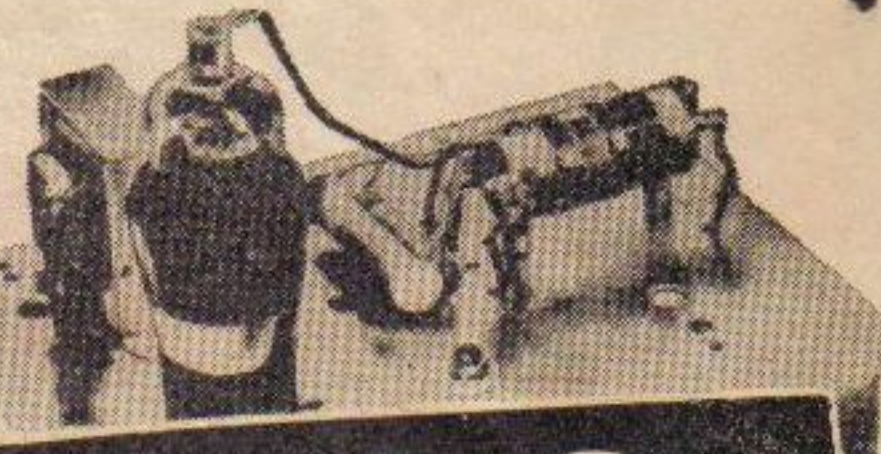
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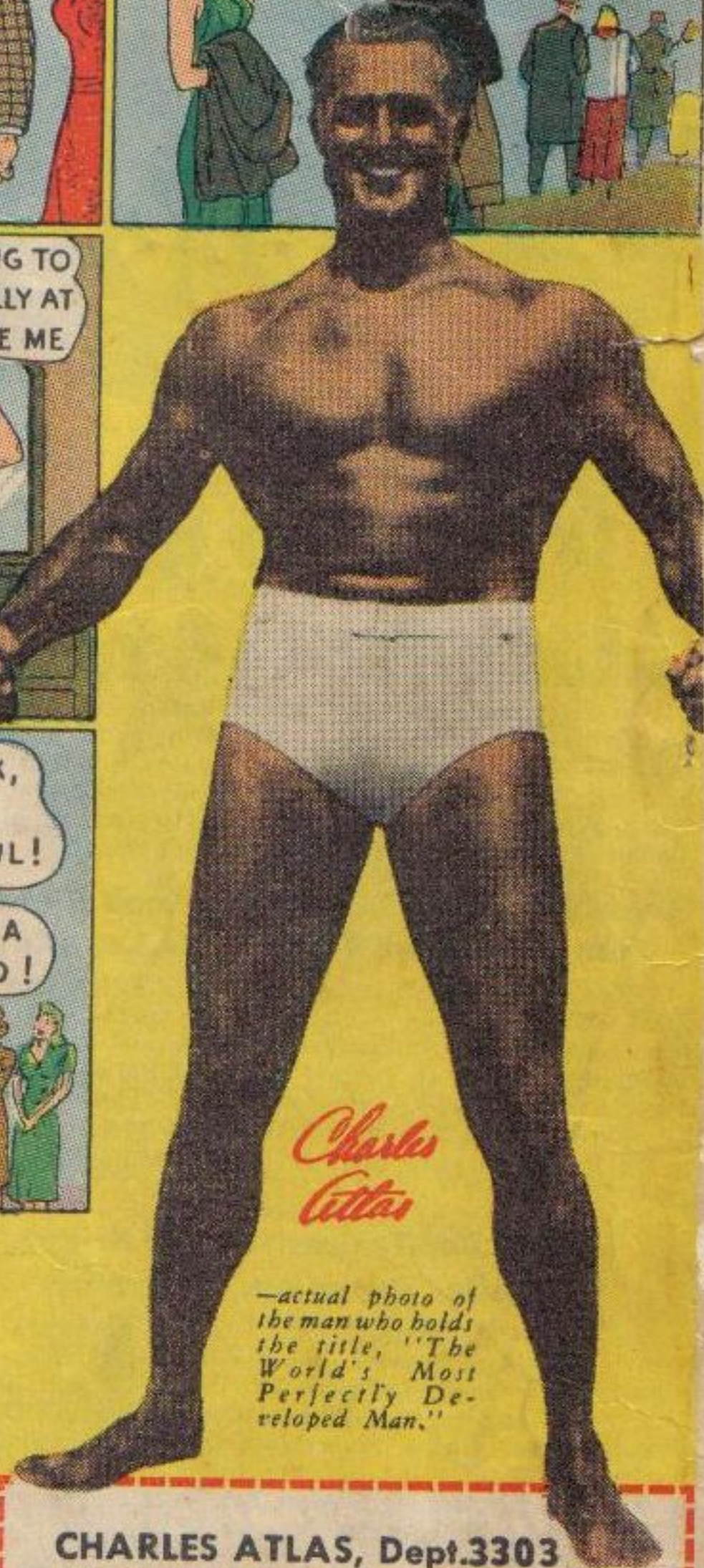
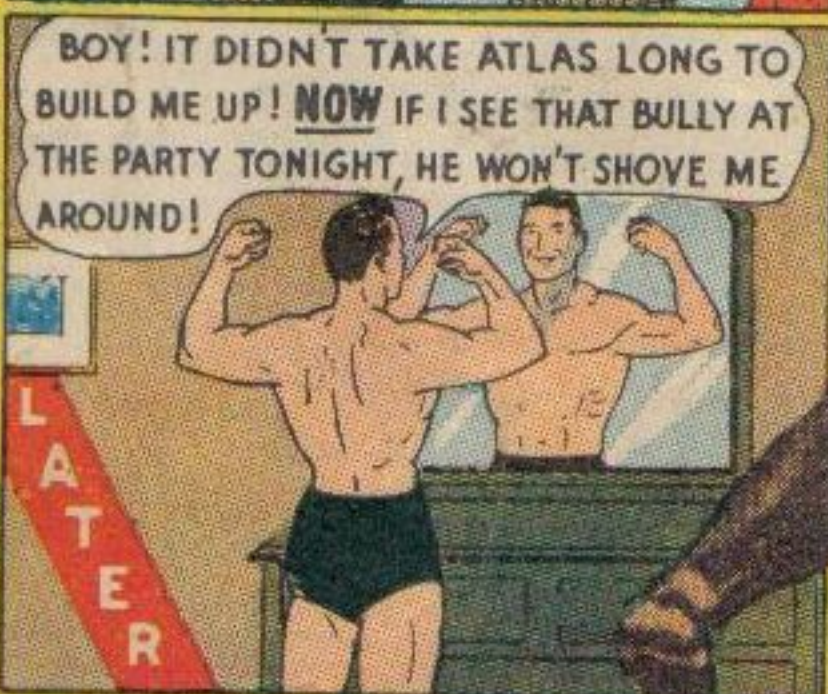
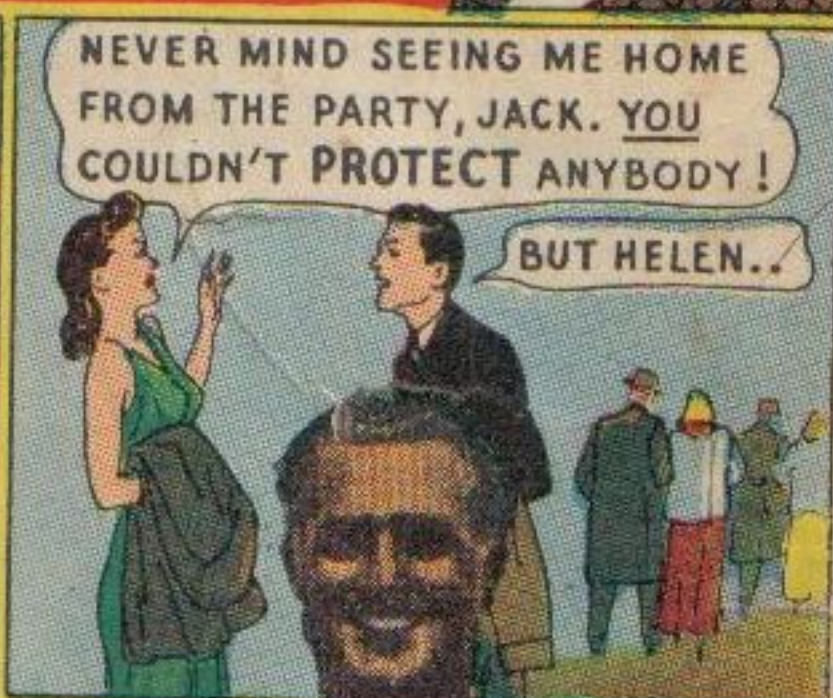


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